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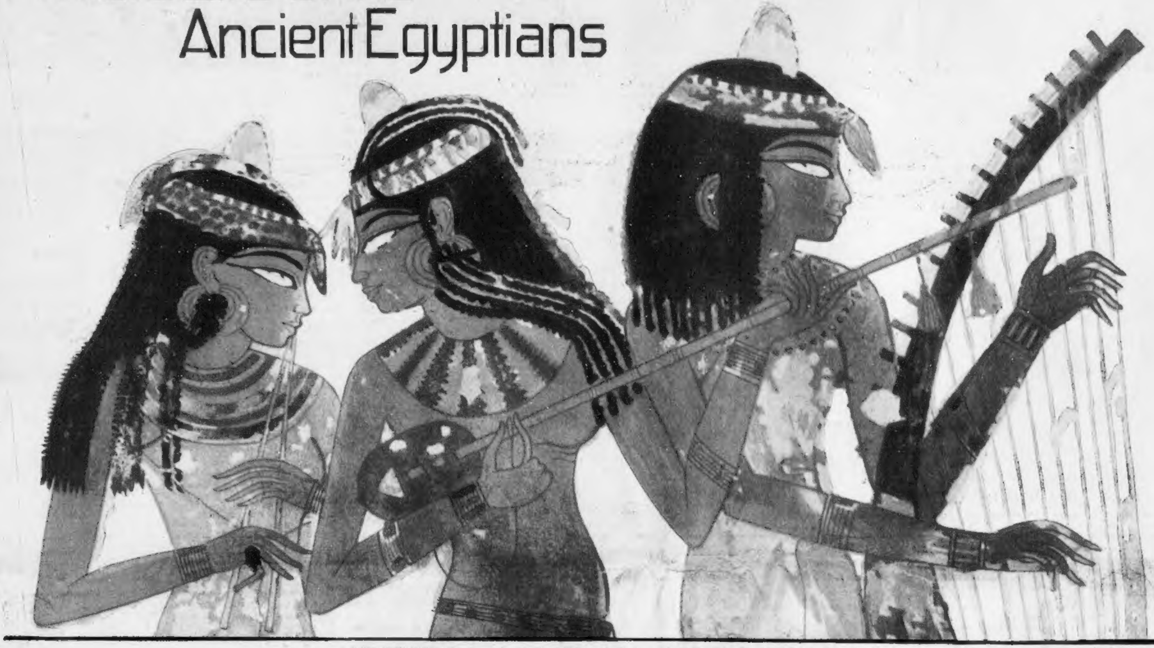
Sunday, June 7, 1931

Private Life of the Ancient Egyptians



A Spirited Wall Painting from the Tomb of Nakht at Thebes (2000 B. C.), Showing Three Female Musicians Who Amused the Ancient Egyptians. There Is a Harpist, a Player Upon the Instrument Called the Reeds and One Playing a Long-Handled and Fretted String Instrument.

Curious and Interesting Customs Revealed by RemarkableTomb Paintings

5—How They Amused Themselves.

THE ancient Egyptians managed to enjoy life, even though they had no radios, motion pictures or automobiles, no circuses, night clubs, theatres, newspapers or novels, and no outdoor sports except fishing and hunting. The parades connected with the numerous feasts of the gods and other temple ceremonies provided them with plenty of spectacular amusement. The occasional funeral of a Pharaoh or some of his family or a high noble always had highly entertaining features. Then there were public executions, whippings and similar happenings to divert the mind. Life was seldom dull.

Dice throwing was one of the favorite indoor sports. This pastime is frequently referred to today as "African golf," and the slang phrase is not inapt. It is likely that the first dice were invented in Egypt. At any rate, every one from Pharaoh and high priest to the lowliest peasant threw dice, and no doubt they had the equivalent of "crap." They also played a form of checkers, chess, dominoes and backgammon. Cards were unknown, and that was perhaps fortunate, because if there had been cards the Egyptians would probably have invented bridge, a game which sometimes brings out the worst in human nature, and which has been responsible for innumerable quarrels, assaults and even murders. It is disconcerting to think of the consequences if bridge had been invented at a time when human life was held far more cheaply than now.

The ancient Egyptians had plenty of good cheap wine and excellent beer, which they brewed from barley. In the cool of the evening they would sit around and drink and listen to the story-tellers recite the myths and legends of a still more ancient past. They especially liked fairy tales, in which speaking animals, gods in disguise, ghosts and magic played a part. Aesop's Fables are thought to have originated in Egypt, having been brought to Greece by an African slave.

The women, as a rule, had a better time than the men. There never was a country in which she had more freedom. In the earliest days marriage was quite promiscuous, and for that reason for many centuries the line of descent and inheritance came only through the mother—since there was so much doubt as to the identity of the father. Every woman had her own house, which she received from either her father or her husband.

Herodotus, a Greek historian of about 490 to 409 B. C., called "The Father of History," has much to say about this freedom of Egyptian women. Among others, he tells a story of a Pharaoh who became blind. The gods promised to restore his sight when he found a woman who loved only her husband. The Pharaoh immediately summoned the Queen, then the ladies of the court, then those of the towns, those of the country, slaves—and still he was blind as a bat. He had to call in women from abroad before he finally found one who brought the cure. Potiphar's wife, who, the Bible tells, caused Joseph so much trouble, lived at Thebes in Egypt.

Nakht and His Wife Enjoying Themselves at a Feast—Nakht Is Breathing the Sleepy Fragrance of a Lotus Flower. From the Tomb of Nakht.

Slaves Tramping Grapes in Making the Wine for Nakht's Frequent Entertainments. Copied from Nakht's Tomb.

(Illustrations Reproduced from the Robb de Peyster Tytus Memorial Series by Permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)

The Pharaohs and rich nobles had, of course, diversions which the common people could not afford. Mme. G. R. Tabouis, in her remarkable book, "The Private Life of Tut-ankh-Amen," draws a vivid picture of the way that interesting young ruler spent some of his time.

"In the heat of the day Tut-ankh-Amen would come to his harem to enjoy the coolness of the big halls with the water basins among the brightly colored pillars, and then all the little rooms of the fair recluses woke up as if by magic. It was the master's hour. Round about His Majesty the concubines fluttered, slim and unclad, lips painted, eyes lined with kohl, and finger nails and toe nails colored carmine. Some brought him lotuses to gratify his nostrils or sweet melons to quench his thirst. Others placed the game board on a table and, with bursts of childish laughter, set out the enameled terra-cotta pieces with the dogs' and jackals' heads.

"Pharaoh settles himself comfortably in a wide armchair. Behind him two concubines wave great fly-flappers. With his right hand he throws up two knucklebones (a form of dice), the fall of which determines the

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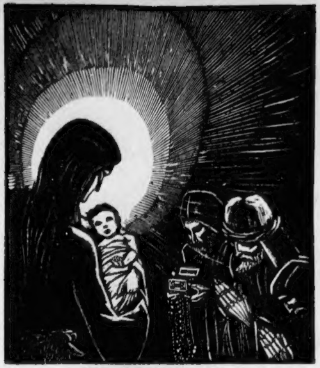
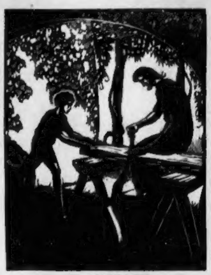
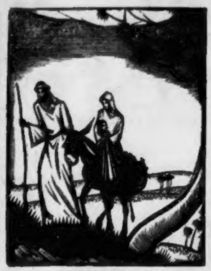
The Life of Christ in Woodcuts



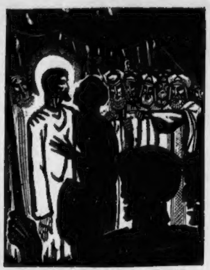
THE MAGI OFFER GIFTS
"And when they saw the young child, they fell down and worshipped Him, and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts."



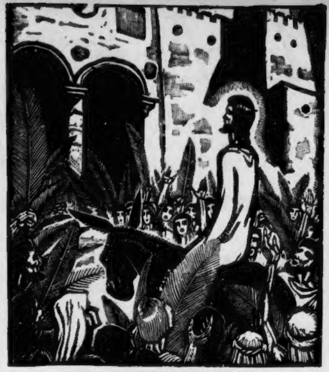
AT NAZARETH.
"And He went down to Nazareth, and was subject unto them and Jesus increased in wisdom and stature."



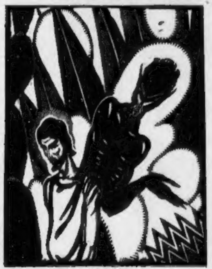
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
"When he arose, he took the young child and His mother by night and departed into Egypt."



THE BETRAYAL BY JUDAS.
"And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, 'Hail master;' and kissed Him. * * * * Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took Him."



THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.
"And the multitudes cried saying: 'Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest'".

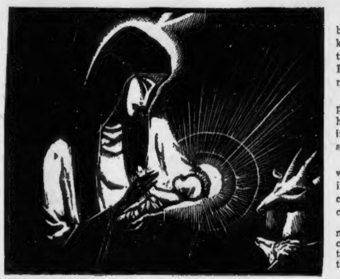


THE TEMPTATION.
"Get thee hence Satan: it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve."

IN one of the most unusual of modern books about the Saviour the whole story of His nativity, boyhood, ministry, crucifixion and resurrection is dramatically told without a word of text. The story is related entirely by some seventy woodcuts, eight of which are reproduced in this page.

The illustrations are grouped under four chapter headings: The Infant, The Boy, The Son of God, and The Son of Man. And to everyone familiar with the Bible most of the important episodes in the life of the Messiah can be found, in the order of their happening, in the woodcuts, which recently were published by Farrar & Rinehart in a volume called "The Life of Christ in Woodcuts."

James Reid, the artist, is one of the youngest makers of woodcuts in the world, having but recently celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday. His work has made a deep impression on the comparatively few men who express their talents in wood engravings, a form of art which is not practiced today nearly so much as it was before the invention of the process of photo engraving.



THE NATIVITY. "And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

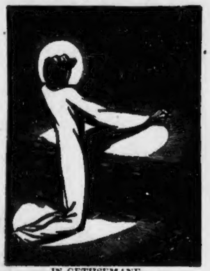
It is supposed that wood engraving was invented by the Chinese in the third century A. D. and it is known that Mongol artists printed letters and illustrations from wood blocks as long ago as that. The Babylonians and Egyptians used woodcuts to trade-mark bricks.

Just how the European artists of medieval times picked up the art is not definitely known, and some historians believe that wood engraving sprang up in Europe, independent of any other influence, some time in the Fourteenth century.

The first American to distinguish himself as a wood engraver was Alexander Anderson, who died in 1870. Many of his woodcuts were copies of cuts used to illustrate English books sent to this country.

James Reid has what might be called an original manner of expressing himself in wood, for he has combined certain distinctly modern ideas of illustration with his own version of the technique of the medieval wood engravers.

All of his woodcuts possess what the critics call "dramatic value" because of their unusual contrasts in black and white and the powerful simplicity by which they tell their stories.



IN GETHSEMANE.
"He prayed say, 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt.'"

Private Life of the Ancient Egyptians — How They Amused Themselves

(Continued from Page 1)

movements of the green jackals and blue dogs, while his left caresses the slim, bare waist of a girl who stands by his side, making him smell the opiate scent of a huge water lily. Opposite him stands a fourth, very small concubine, who moves the pieces about, and Pharaoh gazes indulgently at the happy animation of her baby face.

"Gradually evening falls. Pharaoh goes up to the second floor, that of the little painted rooms. At the end of each, an alcove yawns mysteriously under the flashing gold of a royal vulture with wings spread, revealing a divan with feather cushions of many colors. In front of the rooms, water splashes quietly in little basins of blue faience. Pharaoh stops; here is the stone slab on which muscular negroes rub down the Royal Wives, still marked with the damp outline of the Great Favorite.

"Tutankhamen hesitates, but etiquette must be observed, even when the heart does not speak . . ."

As the night goes on, Tutankhamen goes to his dancing-girls and singing-girls. Their pavilion stands in the middle of a lake. He drinks wine and olive oil with them and listens to their songs. One of these has the refrain—'When I am with my beloved, I am drunk with beer.'

"Dawn has barely broken," writes Mme. Tabouis, "when Pharaoh is saying: 'Seek something to lighten my heart.' The Vizier answers: 'I have caused a barge to be manned by the fairest of your harem.' There is a galley gliding over the lake, rowed by twenty women clad only in gold hair-nets. Pharaoh takes his seat in the midst of the crew, and his heart is lightened to see the jeweled oars dipping in the water, already warmed by the first rays of the sun."

Some of the princes gave entertainments for their friends, upon which large sums of money and much ingenuity were expended. One of these gatherings has been described in a manuscript lately deciphered so that moderns can look in upon the entertainment almost as if they were there, although it happened forty centuries ago.

The invited guests were seated upon the broad roof of the palace while servants brought them wine and sweetmeats, nuts and raisins. The palace was close to a great canal, giving a wide view of graceful palms and fruitful fields.

A boat comes into view, swept forward by the rowers to the landing-stage in front of the palace. Apes clamber over the boat and the carols of the singers are heard. Bullfights, wrestling matches and contests are held.

These contests are followed by folk-dances, in which men and women take part, clothed in short jerkins, dancing various figures together. These are followed by the more accomplished ballet dancers of the harem, all being accompanied by the music of harps and reed-instruments, together with chants. The dances are planned not merely for grace and charm, but often represent some historic scenes, such as the Pharaoh's victory over his enemies.

Then come the contortionists, and last of all the ballplayers, who use the ball as a motif in an intricate dance woven around throwing and receiving the ball.

Now the guests pass to the banquet-hall, where they are served by the charming dancers. They pour ointment on the heads of the guests, place chaplets of flowers about their necks, while the blind harpists pluck harmonies from their strings and the flutists carry the melodies of ancient chants. The choirs of male voices sing the chorus which the female voices have introduced, and then in unison they hymn the joys of the "Flooding of the Nile:"

"The pools with fresh water overflow
"The dry earth is enriched by his great love."

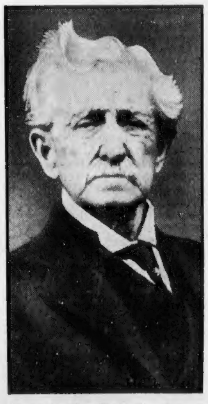
The mummy of an ancestor is brought in to join the festivity, that he, too, may share in the food and drink of the feast.

Again the musicians strike up a livelier strain, and unclothed women from the harem enter, dancing, not the ancient measures of historic scenes, but more piquant posturings. They give the stomach-dance, still practiced in Egypt, and as the harps grow silent, the tambourines and castanets keep time to the livelier measures. It is almost dawn before the feast draws to a close and the wedding guests go home.

On the preceding page is a spirited painting of three musicians of one of the orchestras that amused the ancient Egyptians. It is from the tomb of a scribe named Nakht, who lived in Thebes, Egypt, some 4,000 years ago. The orchestra was apparently made up of good-looking girls. One plays a harp, another the reeds, and the third a stringed and fretted instrument. This illustration, with the others on the page, is reproduced from the "Robb de Peyster Tytus Memorial Series," books published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The picture was copied faithfully from its ancient original by Mr. Lancelot Crane. Another picture shows old Nakht and his wife enjoying a banquet. Nakht is inhaling the fragrance of a lotus. This tomb painting was copied by F. S. Unwin.

(Concluded Next Sunday)

Bandit Now Religious Worker



Alex Adair, Now 81, the Last Survivor of the Notorious Band of Outlaws Led by Jesse James. He Is Now a Religious Worker.

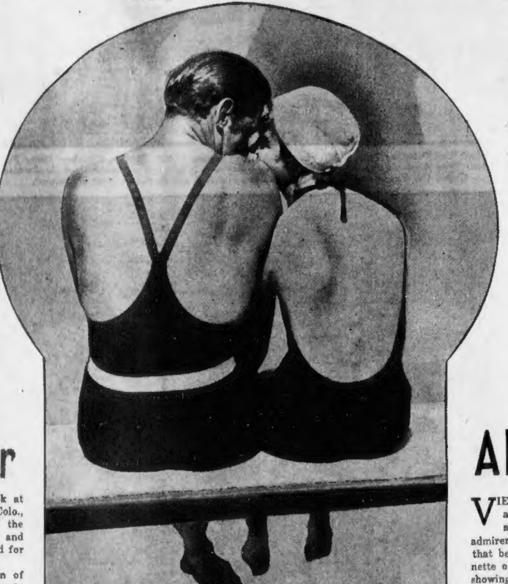
NO ONE would think to look at Alex Adair, of Denver, Colo., that he once was one of the notorious bad men of the West, and that there was a handsome reward for his capture, dead or alive.

Mr. Adair, a quiet-spoken man of 81, is spending his declining years in trying to lead erring humans back to the so-called "straight and narrow path." He is an active member of a religious organization known as the Volunteers of America and is associated with other groups whose purpose it is to inspire people to be moral and law-abiding citizens.

"Daredevil Alex," they called the religious worker back in the wild days when he was a member of the gang led by Frank and Jesse James, and he admits that he was ready for any job that the swashbuckling outlaws assigned to him.

He has long ceased to believe in banditry and he has told thousands of young men that there is a lot of truth in the oft-repeated adage that crime never pays.

"Many of the so-called crimes of the James Boys," says Mr. Adair, "were what might be called Robin Hood jobs—cases of robbing the rich to give to the poor and needy—but I know now that even that type of banditry is bad. Anyone who thinks gangdom is romantic is deluding himself. The only real romance is to be found in living an upright and useful life. A criminal can't be happy, even though he escapes punishment."



© INTER'L-PHOTO

Johnny Weismuller, the Swimming Champion, and His Bride, Bobbie Arnst. The Photograph Shows the Remarkable Muscular Development of the Swimmer's Back.

A Study in Famous Backs

MANY photographs were taken of Johnny Weismuller, champion swimmer, and Bobbie Arnst, popular Broadway musical comedy star, while they were on their recent and widely publicized honeymoon. Among these "shots" of the newlyweds was the picture shown above. To most people this photograph was merely amusing, but to physiologists and physical directors it illustrated graphically the value of fresh air and exercise in the lives of everyone.

Naturally, Weismuller would have a broader, stronger back than his stage-star bride. But, the physiologists point out, if it were not for his several years of healthful physical activity, much of it in the sun and air, the swimmer would not have the notably splendid back apparent in the photograph.

Mrs. Weismuller has a good back, too, as backs go. But, the scientists say, she would have a much better one if she, like her husband, had developed it by regular exercise within the limits of her physical powers. If she had not spent so much of her young life indoors rehearsing for shows and playing in them, to the delight of thousands of theatre-goers and to the advancement of her own fame and fortune, she might be the proud possessor of a back almost as splendidly developed as that of her spouse.

Swimming is one of the best sports for building symmetrical bodies and deep chests. And, say the physical directors, the chest is merely "the front of the back" and its development is essential to such perfect backs as that of Johnny Weismuller.

A Perfect Type of Blonde?

VIENNESE gentlemen — including artists, photographers and theatrical producers — are ardent admirers of feminine beauty, whether that beauty is classed as blonde, brunette or titian. But they are forever showing their preference for blondes.

The newest evidence of the weakness for golden-haired beauties in the world-famous "City of Beautiful Women" was manifested in a contest recently held to select and crown the feminine resident of Vienna possessing the most perfect type of blonde comeliness.

A committee of artists and sculptors tackled the difficult job and finally agreed that Marie Von Eisler, the young woman whose photograph is shown at the right, is "the most perfect" blonde in Vienna, or anywhere else on the European continent.

The winner, in the opinion of the eminent judges, has everything that Mother Nature can bestow upon a blonde member of the fair sex. Her hair is just the proper shade of gold. Her pink and white complexion harmonizes exactly with her crowning glory. And her sea-blue eyes, set in a classically oval face, complete the alluring color scheme.

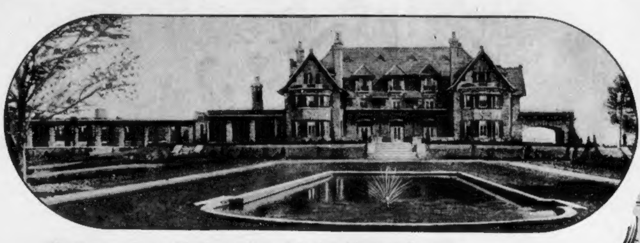
Miss Von Eisler, since her elevation above the heads of the hundreds of good-looking blondes in the Austrian metropolis, has been besieged by offers to go on the stage and to star in the movies, but she has so far refused to put her name on the dotted line.

HERBERT-PHOTO

Marie Von Eisler, Whom Artists and Sculptors Have Declared to Be the Most Perfect Blonde in Vienna, the City of Beautiful Women.

The Matrimonial Predicament of Young Mr. Converse

Like Others of Wealth, Fashion and Leisure, He Was Unhappy With His Wife, Got a Quick and Easy (but Defective) Reno Divorce, Marries Again and Now Has Two Wives on His Hands


The Estate at Greenwich, Connecticut, of the Late Mr. E. C. Converse, Wealthy Grandfather of Young Converse M. Converse.

Mr. and Mrs. Converse Returning From a Five Months' Trip Abroad—This Is Before They Began to Have Their Troubles.

Mrs. Converse M. Converse, Who Was Divorced by the Reno Courts, but Reinstated as a Wife by the New York Courts.

Mrs. Converse No. 2, the Mexico Bride Who the New York Courts Say Is Not Mr. Converse's Wife.

"Burglars!" Exclaimed Mrs. Converse as She Arrived Home From a Tea, Glanced Into Her Husband's Bedroom and Was Startled to See Drawers Open and His Fashionable Attire Scattered About. But She Was Mistaken—Mr. Converse Had Swiftly Packed a Suitcase and Left for Reno Without Even Kissing His Little Wife Goodbye.

MR. CONVERSE M. CONVERSE, wealthy young New York society man, grandson of one of the multi-millionaire founders of the Steel Trust, was not happy with his young and attractive wife. He took the quick and easy road out of his matrimonial difficulties through Reno, Nevada—but now he is in a worse predicament with his Reno divorce than he was before he got it.

Mr. Converse M. Converse supposed he had gotten rid of his first wife and, with the divorce in his pocket, at once married another. But the law is a sort of a game which, like whist or poker, must be played according to the rules. The lawyers seem to have carelessly overlooked one of the rules, and therefore the first Mrs. Converse was able to walk into a New York court the other day, persuade the judge that the Reno divorce was worthless and therefore put Mr. Converse in the embarrassing position of being the husband of two wives.

When Mr. Converse got his Reno divorce it looked just as good as any other. It had the judge's signature on it and the seal of the court and when the clerk of the court handed it out he yelled "Next!" in the same businesslike voice as usual. It did not bulge or smell bad, like a defective can of sardines, so how was Mr. Converse to know?

He accepted the document in good faith, paid the fees of the court and of his lawyers and showed the impressive document to Mrs. Stella Fried-Kahn-Gurdin of New York City, who had been in the divorce market twice herself and presumably ought to know something about that line of goods.

The thing looked so good to her that on the strength of it she went to Juarez, Mexico, with Mr. Converse and married him. The Mexican authorities thought it was good, too, but then most anything goes, in the divorce line, in that rival of Reno.

Then the couple went to Hollywood to live happily ever after and the first doubts arose. They learned that the first Mrs. Converse did not consider herself divorced at all and was suing in New York City for separation and actually naming the second Mrs. Converse as living bigamously with her husband.

"How absurd!" said Mr. Converse. "It was all agreed. We had been married seven years and were all through. First she was to go and get it, but she was so busy with dances and one thing and another that she could not get around to it, so I took time and did it myself. I am sending her $600 a month which she said would be all right. What can she be thinking about?"

For one thing, she was now thinking about $1,200 a month alimony. The newlyweds got out that solemn-looking document and the Mexican marriage certificate. They looked as genuine as their birth certificate and driver's license. However, to make sure, Mr. Converse wired to the lawyer who had steered him through the mill and asked if there was any doubt about it. Back came the answer:

"Don't worry. It's as good as the wheat."

But they did worry. In the first place wheat had not been very good for some time and Attorney J. L. Melzer, Mr. Converse's lawyer in New York, did not seem to think that divorce was any good at all in the Empire State now that it had been contested, therefore the bride, in the eyes of the law, would not be his wife but merely a lady friend who had made a sad mistake. This uncomfortable matrimonial situation would be true only within New York State. Unless the first Mrs. Converse brought some more suits Stella's standing would be good in all the rest of the world. But having just married a man of some social and financial prominence the bride could not bear the thought of being exiled forever from New York City.

Neither could Mr. Converse bear to abandon the city that contained Park Avenue, the opera and all his clubs. There was also the financial side to be considered. If the court should award the first Mrs. Converse that $1,200 a month, she could collect it by simply attaching his income from a trust fund left by the late Edmund P. Converse in that way so that the young man could not possibly lose it. A trust fund, however, is no protection against alimony. A wife can get her husband's gold no matter where it is except perhaps in his teeth, and this was nice and handy for her in the Bankers Trust Co.

The first Mrs. Converse is a granddaughter of John A. McCall, former president of the New York Life Insurance Co., and said to be so smart that she can tell what an insurance policy really means and plenty smart enough to suspect that her husband's divorce was a "second" and a "dud." Like Attorney Melzer she had studied the moves in the legal chess game and discovered that an important one had been overlooked. Her husband had mailed her a copy of the summons and served her by publication which made the resulting divorce good against her as far as the State of Nevada was concerned, but no good in New York. To make it binding all over he should have either served her within the boundaries of Nevada or else have induced her to appear by attorney, neither of which was done. So Mr. Converse hurried back to New York to see what could be done about this wife who wouldn't be divorced and had changed her mind about the alimony.

Apparently nothing could be done at first. It was $1,200 or nothing and then, one day, she suddenly became sweetly reasonable, offering to accept the original figure of $600 a month and call everything off. Everybody was happy until she presented the agreement for Mr. Converse to sign and then it turned out that she did not want it in the form of alimony, which is payable only during the life of the payer and as long as the wife remains unmarried. She wanted a settlement of that amount for the rest of her natural life, whether married or single, a very different matter.

The offer was refused and the case came up for hearing. According to the first Mrs. Converse, she had not agreed to the divorce at all, and, any way, if there was to be one she was to have gotten it, even if she did take her time. The first warning of her husband's intentions was one day when she came home from a tea.

"Burglars!" exclaimed Mrs. Converse as she glanced into her husband's bedroom and was startled to see drawers open and his fashionable attire scattered about. But she was mistaken—Mr. Converse had simply packed a suitcase and left for Reno, without even kissing his little wife goodbye. This she thought cruel and besides he had said some mean things in that divorce complaint, for instance:

"About four years after marriage Mrs. Converse developed a temperamental manner and nature, and gave evidence of the same by frequent outbursts of passion and temper for no good or just reason; from this time on and after she gradually assumed a dictatorial attitude and manifested decisive, tyrannical traits, making imperative demands upon Mr. Converse and displaying a superior air over him as hereinafter particularly alleged; she insisted upon having her own way in everything, was extremely unreasonable and arbitrary in her demands, and when he tried to reason with her in a quiet way she would give vent to hysterical outbursts of passion, anger and temper, and finished up by striking him with her hands over his face on occasions too numerous to specify.

"About this time, and for no justifiable reason, Mrs. Converse became infuriated and approached him in a menacing and threatening manner and scratched his face, digging her sharp finger nails into his face, clawing him and causing his face to become lacerated and to bleed, rendering him unpresentable before his friends and acquaintances for several days.

"During the same period another popular method adopted by Mrs. Converse of showing her contempt for him and her anger was to pick up any article that happened to be near and throw it at him; that she frequently threw or hurled at him such items of personal property as books, ash trays, glassware, a hand mirror, a fancy ornamental clock and other things within reach; this character of performance happened very often. In Bern, Switzerland, a frivolous argument arose between them, and she became enraged and rushed at plaintiff with a long, sharp nail file and jabbed it into his right ankle, causing blood to run from the wound, and produced a laceration and swelling which caused him to limp for several days from the same.

"While in her usual temperamental fits and paroxysms of anger as above described, she frequently rushed at plaintiff and violently grabbed at his hair and pulled the same with great force and often succeeded in pulling out hair from the roots of his head, thereby causing him great physical pain and suffering; she repeated this course of treatment about six or seven times during the Winter months of 1928.

"Although Mr. Converse has always provided for her liberally and generously she was never satisfied and always clamored for more and complained and nagged plaintiff, and demanded more than his means would permit, and she was in the habit of forcing her demands to such extent by her nagging methods that from sheer exhaustion he felt compelled to yield to her unreasonable demands to keep peace in the family, although by yielding to same he was forced into debt to satisfy her extravagant craving."

Those were some of the things Mr. Converse told the court in Reno, but his wife, who denies all the charges, was not present to refute them, so "Connie," as Mr. Converse is called by his friends, won his divorce.

And now in her recent action in the New York courts to upset her husband's Reno decree, Mrs. Converse has some charges to make against the man who thought he had got through with her forever.

In her New York proceedings, Mrs. Converse declares:

"My husband acted sullenly and spitefully toward me at parties, receptions and other public gatherings. He entered into a bigamous marriage with one Stella Gurdin and has since lived unlawfully with her, to my great humiliation and anguish."

Supreme Court Justice John Ford threw Mr. Converse's Reno divorce out the window and awarded the first Mrs. Converse a separation, but before imposing alimony he urged the parties to get together and "not be greedy." As a result they agreed on the sum of $8,500 a year, only $1,300 more than Mr. Converse had offered. Also, being alimony, it will cease at his death or her remarriage.

This leaves the three in a peculiar position. In Nevada, the second Mrs. Converse is still the genuine and recognized wife, and wife number one has no standing. In New York, it is the reverse. In other States and the world at large probably both are equally in good or dubious standing. Even in New York the husband cannot be prosecuted for bigamy on account of a saving legal technicality.

Though New York threw out the Reno decree it respects it to the extent that Mr. Converse cannot be punished for using it in good faith as the basis of a remarriage. The attitude of the courts is that the second marriage was void and, therefore, legally never happened, yet both ladies may enjoy the title of Mrs. Converse M. Converse.

There is a precedent in the case of Charles Ludwig Baumann who obtained a Mexican divorce and married again only to have it declared invalid in New York, whose courts held that the second Mrs. Baumann could call herself that though it did not mean anything.

However, Mr. Converse, if he cares who gets his money, should be careful how and where he dies. For example, if he should have made a will naming his second wife sole heir and not mentioning his first wife, the latter would have great difficulty in getting her hands on any of the spoil, but she might. And this would even be the case if death occurred in New York State. If Converse should die without having made a will, in any part of the country but New York State, his property would go to the second Mrs. Converse. If he should die leaving no will in New York State, the property would go to the first Mrs. Converse.

Therefore, should Mr. Converse die suddenly and carelessly, in New York State, a sort of grand sweepstakes gamble for the matrimonial profits may be expected.

Drugged Before the Wedding—Bride Must Not See Husband Until She's Married

LOVE and romance flourishes among the Bugis, a semi-civilized moslem tribe on the Dutch East Indian island of Celebes, as it flourishes in no other part of the world, except, perhaps, in the nearby Island of Bali, wihch explorers have called "an earthly paradise." But the marriage customs of this land would seem to indicate that matrimony is so elaborate a cere-drugged into unconsciousness before she can be dragged or carried to the altar.

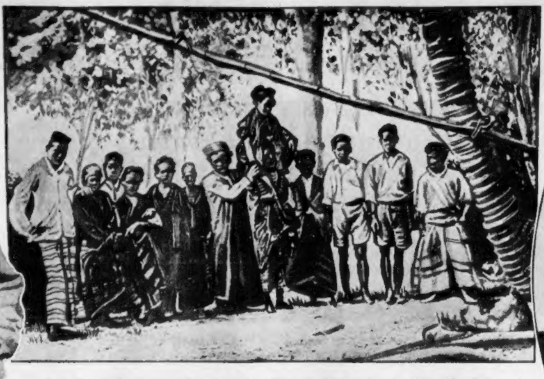
So far as is known, however, no Bugis belle ever has objected to the ancient and curious tribal custom of feeding a wife-to-be a sort of native "knockout drop" so that she cannot, in a moment of longing, gaze upon the face of her beloved during the three-day wedding celebration.

Relatives of the bride and the bridegroom congregate in the village three days before the wedding, dressed in robes of brilliant colors—raiment which is worn at no other time. They feast on a bewildering variety of highly colored sweetmeats, fruit and rice, and drink great quantites of an intoxicating fluid drawn from the toddy palm.

The bride-to-be is present at some of these pre-nuptial celebrations, but she doesn't know what it's all about, because, before the beginning of the festivities, she is made to drink a strong narcotic which dopes her so thoroughly that she can't even raise the lids of her eyes, which are painted a pretty shade of blue.

© Photo E. O. Hoppe

The Bridegroom Upon Whom the Bride May Look Only After She Has Become His Property.

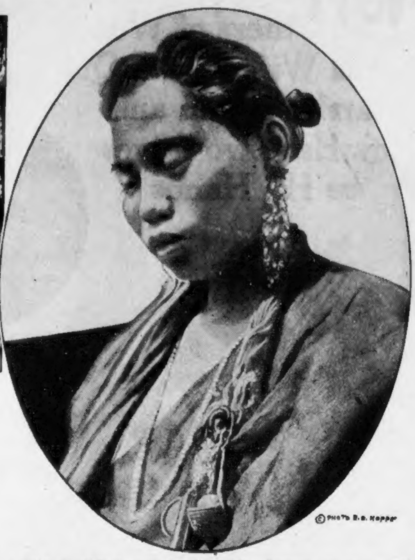

It Is One of the Customs Too, That the Girl to Be Married Must Not Have Her Feet Touch the Ground for Three Days Before the Ceremony. She Is Shown Here Being Carried on Her Father's Shoulders.

If she broke the tribal custom which forbids her to look at her betrothed during this three-day period, and until she is safely married to him, the wedding would be off and the assembled company would be plunged into superstitious and funereal gloom.

Almost as interesting as the traditional doping of the bride, is the custom which decrees that the woman's feet must not touch the ground during the three-day orgy of feasting, drinking and dancing. The Bugis believe that a wife-to-be must be kept at least symbolically pure for the ceremony of matrimony and that this symbolism is best carried out by keeping her from contact with the earth.

Wherever the unconscious lady goes she is borne on the shoulders of her father, and if her father is dead, she is carried by the uncle, or the next of kin among the male members of her family.

Some time after the actual marriage ceremony is performed with great pomp and din, the wife awakes from her coma, with a sort of "where am I?" expression and fondly embraces her waiting spouse. Her family and in-laws stay on the job until she is fully conscious and then go on living their respective lives. The photographs shown here were made by E. O. Hoppe, British explorer, by special permission of the bride's father.


© Photo E. O. Hoppe

A Bride of the Bugis Arrayed in Her Wedding Garments, but Drugged With Powerful Narcotics, Photographed on the Eve of Her Wedding.

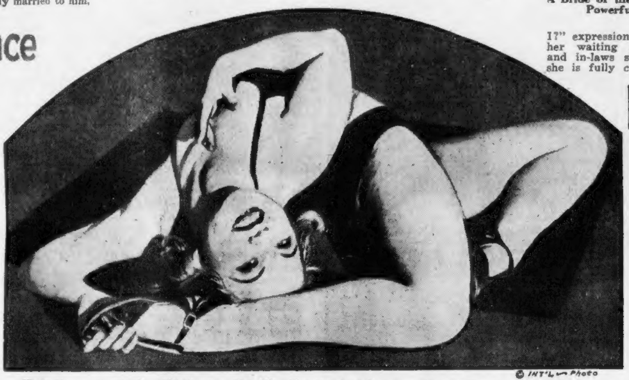
The "Snake Nest" Dance

NATIVE New Yorkers and visitors to the Metropolis who seek diverison in the city's numerous night clubs thought they had seen about everything in the way of dancing until they beheld, in one of the more expensive and exciting rendezvous, the serpentine contortions of a girl named Thais Giroux.

Thais, they guessed, was a French girl who had been brought up in the Orient—for her "snake nest" dance combines the abandon of the Parisian Latin Quarter and the sensuous flexibility of the East. The pretty, 17-year-old girl can boast no such romantic background, however, for she frankly admits hailing from Montana where the populace is more interested in copper and cattle than it is in the so-called Terpsichorean art.

The photograph of Thais shows her in the interesting and involved finale of the dance, which she will soon be doing for the amusement of night-clubbers and theatre-goers overseas—for she recently signed a contract to make a tour of European cities.

Miss Giroux is able to twist her torso, her arms, her legs and her neck into postures that would break the back of an ordinary person—and her "snake nest" dance is an anatomical achievement of which a professional circus contortionist might well be proud. She is confident that Europeans will like her unique style of dancing which, she admits, is really not dancing at all, but a series of acrobatic feats.


© Int'l Photo

Thais Giroux, the 17-Year-Old Montana Girl, Who Has Acquired Fame as a Dancer, Demonstrating a Number Called "The Snake Nest."

Beauty Shop for Sausages

THE strangest beauty salon in the world is operated in a wing of the National Physics Laboratory of Bushy Park, London. Its patrons are not debutantes who want their brows plucked into a graceful, arching line, or dowagers who want crows' feet massaged from the corners of their eyes. The patrons of this beauty shop are sausages and frankfurtuers of various shapes and sizes.

Manufacturers of these popular edibles have discovered that consumers buy frankfurters and sausages as much for the color of the skin that cover them as for the taste of the ground-up meat with which the skins are stuffed. And they find economical and sanitary ways to "beautify" frankfurters and sausages by giving the "hot dog" and their smaller cousins eye-attracting complexions.

The scientists in the interesting beauty salon have, after long experiments, worked out a process by which the complexions of their inanimate "subjects" can be made a healthy looking, uniform red—just that shade of red which appeals to sausage buying Britishers.

More than a year ago, American meat packers, after a painstaking survey of the country, employed scientists to work out a scheme for producing frankfurters and sausages in several shades of red which would please the keen eyes of American housewives.

Odd Facts About Bay Rum, the Only Virgin Islands' Industry Prohibition Has Not Ruined

ALTHOUGH Prohibition took away the main source of revenue of the Virgin Islanders by stopping the manufacture of the famous Ste. Croix rum, and thereby ruining the sugar industry, the taking over of the islands by the United States vastly increased, curiously enough, the sale of another rum in this country. This is the well-known Bay Rum, which is not a drink but a lotion. It is the chief industry of the island of St. Thomas. In 1917, when the United States took over the islands about 249 gallons were imported into this country. In the year 1929-30 52,000 gallons were imported here.

Bay Rum has an interesting origin. Its first use can be traced back to the days of slavery in the Virgin Islands. Slaves fresh from the African jungles and skilled in the art of "bush remedy," soon discovered the medicinal properties of the leaf of the bay tree which grows in profusion on the Virgins, and especially on the picturesque island of St. John, about three miles distant from St. Thomas.

The slaves first soaked the leaves in water and bathed their tired bodies with it when they returned from the fields. Rum, the potable variety, was plentiful in those days, and after awhile the slaves found that when the leaves were soaked in this an article was produced which was much more soothing than the Bay Water.

The first effort toward commercializing Bay Rum was made early in the Nineteenth Century, when a Mrs. French, an English woman, made an infusion of the leaves, added rum to it, strained and filtered it and offered it to the local trade as Bay Lotion. For one reason and another, the enterprise failed.

But several years later two Frenchmen, S. Marval and S. de Tascher, took up the idea. They crushed the leaves in rum, and instead of filtering it, tried distillation. So excellent a product was obtained that a local chemist, a Dane named Riise, became interested and carried on the experimentation. He found that the best results were obtained by process of double distillation. First he distilled the oil from the leaf; then he mixed the distillation with a high grade quality of rum, and distilled again. Continuing his experiments he dicovered that pure grain alcohol used instead of rum gave a finer product.

Since that time the process of manufacture has remained unchanged, except for two features. The double distilled product is now cured in oaken vats, and Prohibition has made it necessary to add a denaturant to make it unfit for drinking. This denaturant is Quinine Sulphate, which does not affect its uses for the toilet. Statistics show that prior to the American occupation of the Virgin Islands, the largest export was in 1915-16, when 32,800 gallons were disposed of. In the year 1929-30, 108,182 gallons were sold.

There are many varieties of the bay plant and they are so similar that only the experienced handler of the leaf can tell the difference. The leaf of the variety named pimenta acris is the only one that gives the true oil. In other kinds, the fragant oil is contaminated by pronounced odors of almond, lemon and anise. While the pimenta acris is found on many islands of the West Indies, the planters of St. John seem to have been most fortunate in isolating the true leaf from the others. The soil of this island appears to be particularly adapted for the growth of the pimenta acris. Little cultivation is necessary. The best propagation of the seed is done by birds, for the reason that these seeds are cleaned of their fleshy coverings in the intestinal tract, and this dried seed is not attacked by insects and thus gets its chance for proper germination.

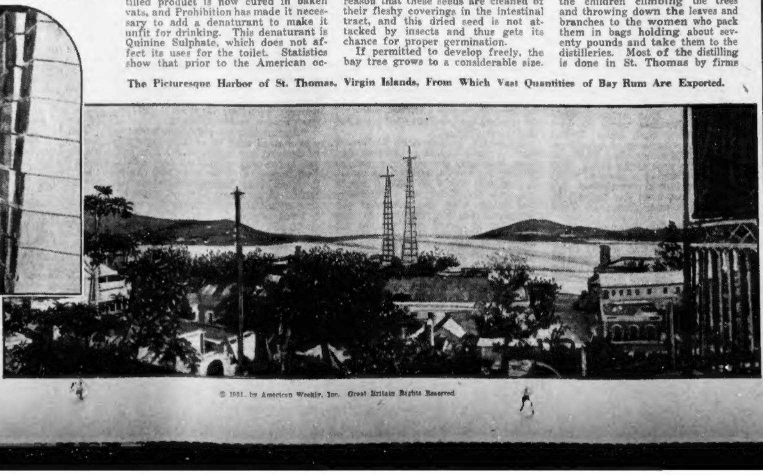
If permitted to develop freely, the bay tree grows to a considerable size. In cultivation it is kept to about fifteen feet in diameter across the branches for ease in leaf gathering. It has large leathery leaves, white flowers and fruits that take the form of small globular berries which are favorite articles on bird menus. It reaches maturity in ten years, and thereafter yields about 100 pounds of leaves annually for sixty or seventy years.

The leaves yield 3 per cent of a volatile oil, the so-called oil of bay. A quart of oil is ordinarily obtained from 130 pounds of green leaves. But the young shoots of the tree are also distilled. The tender branches are broken off by hand, following the tradition that this is better for the tree than cutting by knife.

The gathering is done almost entirely by women and children, the children climbing the trees and throwing down the leaves and branches to the women who pack them in bags holding about seventy pounds and take them to the distilleries. Most of the distilling is done in St. Thomas by firms who buy their alcohol and rum from Porto Rico, St. Croix, Demarara and other West Indian centres.

A Typical Bay Tree, the Leaves of Which are the Basic Elements in the Manufacture of the widely Used Product.

The Picturesque Harbor of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, From Which Vast Quantities of Bay Rum Are Exported.



Stock Room Where the Bay Rum Is Aged and Put Into Casks for Shipment.

No Need of the Absurd Antics of Orchestra Leaders

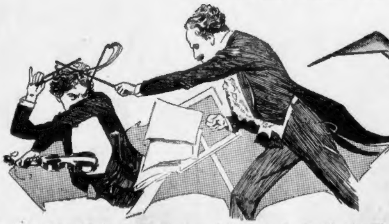
They Never Do the Acrobatic Monkey Shines in the Bandroom When Nobody Is Looking and Their Highly Skilled Musicians, All Thoroughly Rehearsed, Know Perfectly Well When to Play Loud or Soft

Leopold Stokowski.

From "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans." By M. Covarrubias. By Permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Publishers.

Mengelberg, the Famous Leader of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, and His Famous "Rats' Nest" of Hair, Which Everybody Watches While He Goes Through His Gymnastics.

Sir Henry Wood, the Spectacular British Leader. From Caricature by Autori, the Italian Cartoonist.



Signor Toscanini Smashed His Baton on the Head of a Careless Musician Who, He Thought, Was Playing a Little Flat, and the Italian Courts Decided That This Burst of Temperament Was Within His Artistic License. In This Instance the Leader's Acrobatic Feat Probably Really Accomplished Something in Correcting a Careless Musician.

Signor Arturo Toscanini, the Italian Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.—Sketch by Autori.

THE recent comment by Richard Strauss, the well-known musical composer and director, that the antics of the spectacular, modern orchestra leader are not only stage play and unnecessary but a poor compliment to the members of his orchestra, has let a large-sized cat out of the bag.

It revealed to the general public something that every competent orchestra musician has known for many years, that all these showy acrobatics do not assist him in producing the music which is supposed to be the main reason for the concert any more than does the director's long hair.

But the public has never been let into the secret. The orchestra leader is set up on a high chair or a platform where the audience can see him and everybody stares at him open-mouthed and spellbound. Nobody doubts the tremendous importance of those acrobatic gyrations as he beats the air with his baton, strains his body over in one direction as he points at the violins, and then dramatically holds up a warning hand to modulate the base viols and drums, then sinks back into a sort of semi-conscious condition, waving, perhaps, only the ends of his fingers, to gradually work up a huge fervor of wild enthusiasm as if he was whipping the reluctant orchestra into greater and greater volume of noise, until it collapses with a bang at the end of the torrent of music. Nobody doubts that every attitude and motion is vitally necessary, and that without this superman on the raised pedestal—well, nobody knows what an awful mess and mix-up that thirty or forty or fifty or ninety-five men would get into.

One would think they were a lot of musical Bolsheviks held in order only by this one musical dictator, who sinks down perspiring and exhausted at the end of his victorious struggle. The joke is that when these same men are rehearsed in the privacy of the band room their leader does none of these gymnastics until they are all set, and only then, when it won't upset his musicians does he rehearse his own part of the show.

Not knowing this, the audience is convinced that if this genius with the baton didn't toss his fevered brow in the air and flash that appealing look, the kettle-drums would not come in when they should, and if it were not for that splendid lion-like shake of the long-haired head and the commanding gesture, like a traffic policeman preventing a charging truck from crushing a fallen child, they would keep right on and ruin the piece.

In a recent editorial comment on the Strauss statement it was asked:

"Don't they really know when to play loudly or softly or when to come in?"

As a matter of fact, they know perfectly well and it is all written down for them on the music sheets in front of their faces. Anyone who didn't know that much would hardly belong to a first-class orchestra. Probably only a band of amateurs would be helped by these cheer-leader, jumping-jack tactics.

Why then all this unnecessary fury?

It is for the benefit of the audience and no great compliment to that either. A concert, apparently, must be "circussed" nowadays. It is not enough that the musicians do their part, that the music be perfect; the audience must think it very difficult, like a trapeze or strong man act, in which the performer makes it seem almost beyond his powers by deliberately falling once or twice first.

If all the musicians could be seen to wrestle with their instruments and, at the end, fall in a faint, that would be perfect.

But this would be too much to expect. Musicians are not actors and, even if they were, it requires all their attention to produce the music sitting quietly in their chairs. The acting, therefore, must be done by some unessential individual and it now appears that the modern conductor is that person. As musicians are supposed to be of a nervous temperment the wonder is that such a wild man, raving in their midst, does not rattle them.

That the leader is, in fact, unessential has been proved by the success of leaderless orchestras, but these also proved that for very large ones the leader does perform a certain service, though not by his gyrations. In a small orchestra every member can hear the others and know just when to come in, but in the biggest ones they sometimes cannot, and therefore the rhythm of the leaderless organization is occasionally ragged.

As has been pointed out, a trumpeter sitting far over on the right of the stage, with three trombones and a lot of drums behind him, has difficulty in hearing the first violins, some 30 feet away. At any time he may need a cue from someone in the centre of things, but the lifting of a finger is enough. The music does not have to be jerked out of him by force. Nor does he require what looks like a threat of violence in order to stop at the right time. A hint would be sufficient.

In rehearsals, too, the leader serves a useful purpose, for one mind and one ear must coordinate all the players. There are stories of dynamic conductors who have taken over an orchestra and, without a rehearsal, by their fiery genius played on them as on the keys of an organ, and hypnotized them into producing superlative results. This any orchestra musician knows is pure fiction. The best they could do in such a case would be to let the new man hypnotize the audience and disturb the musicians as little as possible.

That focussing the attention of the audience on the contortions of the conductor, instead of the work of men he is supposed to be leading, is not the right idea is backed by the methods of great leaders of the past, who gave their signals as unobtrusively as possible and tried to have the great musical organization seem to be running smoothly of itself.

Until the end of the last century the orchestra conductor usually did little more than give time signals and was not a highly paid or featured performer. Also there was little pretense on his part of interpretation. In those days the feature was some eminent solist who gave the interviews, received the advertising and brought the crowds. How insignificant leaders were at that time, and how it astonished the players when the public began to give the time-beaters credit for results, is shown by the remarks of Pablo Sarasate, some 30 years ago. This violinist is recorded as having said:

"What do you think! They don't play at all. They just go around with a little stick and wave it over the orchestra and they get paid for it. The public seems to be getting the impression that these fellows actually make us musicians play."

Even now orchestras occasionally let a conductor realize how little value they set on his efforts. Erich Kleiber, of the Berlin Staats Opera and well-known in the United States, says that once when he appeared to rehearse an orchestra, as guest conductor, one of its players stepped forward as spokesman with a suggestion. He stated that the orchestra knew its business and therefore there would be no need of rehearsals just for the benefit of the conductor. The intimation was that they were so well-trained that anything he might do at the performance would not bother them at all. But Kleiber insisted.

That a director can do almost anything, no matter how startling and unexpected, and rely upon his musicians carrying on, is revealed by the curious accidents which befell Sir Thomas Beecham, the celebrated English conductor. At Philadelphia, in his antics on the platform, he managed to sprain an ankle, which cramped his activities because he had to stand still and carry his weight on one foot, and in later performances he kept the injured one on a pillow, but the concerts were a great success. In New York, conducting the Philharmonic, he suffered another casualty. So furious were his exertions in wrenching the music from the musicians that his suspenders broke under the strain and he almost lost his trousers.

This was even worse than a sprained ankle, because it kept both legs together and most of the time one hand in a trousers pocket. In emergencies, when he felt it necessary to wave both hands, this gesture was instantly followed by a frantic clutch at his waist. In spite of these cruel handicaps, the audience cheered. It was his greatest American triumph. Sir Henry Wood is an equally sensational British conductor, but wears stronger suspenders.

When a temperamental conductor shakes a clenched fist at the musicians on the percussion instruments, it may not be an idle threat. If they defied him and kept on, it is not impossible that he would run over and "sock" one of them. Such things have happened. The great Toscanini hit an offending violinist over the head with his baton. The violinist saw the blow coming and tried to ward it off with his bow. But the bow broke and the blow landed. Worse than that, a splinter injured the fiddler's eye and he brought suit for damages.

A psychologist testified that to such a temperamental artist as Toscanini hearing a violinist play flat was enough to unseat his reason for the moment. He would be filled with a blind impulse to silence the offender in the quickest possible manner and therefore must not be held accountable.

Had it been the case of a boss and a working man, this theory might not have impressed the court. But it happened in Italy before a judge and jury of musicians. It would be difficult to get ten native Italians who are not musical experts, and their faces hardened when they heard that the injured man had played flat. For such a crime they thought the conductor might well have hit him with a base viol. Toscanini directs without a score, entirely from memory.

Mascagni was one of the first to reap financial benefits by putting personality and showmanship into directing. Others were quick to follow. Walter Kramer, editor of Musical America and composer of more than one hundred musical compositions, agrees with Mr. Strauss' criticism of acrobatic conductors.

"I believe," says Mr. Kramer, "that symphonic conducting should not include showmanship. The exaggerated gestures of the cavorting conductor are an insult to the able musicians in the orchestra and to those members of the audience who know their music. The conductor who cuts up violent capers in the directing of a Brahms symphony or a Strauss symphonic poem cheapens the music, gets in the way of the music, and instead of becoming an interpreter of melodic beauty descends to the status of an exhibitionistic prima donna.

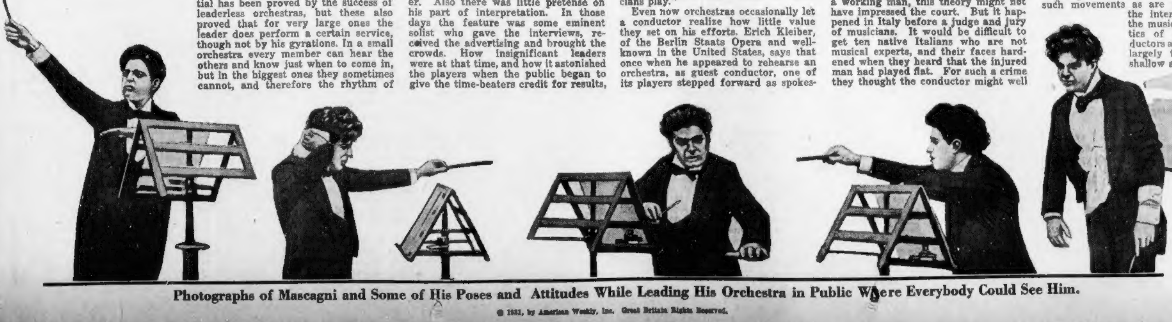
"Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is the outstanding showman among conductors in this country. He is widely known for his unorthodox methods, particularly his precipitate entrance from the wings to the conductor's platform and the suddenness with which he launches the music. Before he gets both feet on the stand his baton has swung down, the lights in the auditorium are dimmed and the concert is in full swing.

"Stokowski undoubtedly is a talented conductor, but many of his original methods of staging a concert are done to impress the audience. They do not increase the respect and cooperation of the musicians working under his baton.

"When Willem Mengelberg arrived in this country to conduct the famous New York Symphony—I think it was the season of 1920-1921—he indulged in many extraordinary gestures, some of which were dramatic to certain members of the audience, but annoying to the orchestra and to music-lovers familiar with the works of masters. Violent gestures are never necessary to the effective rendition of a musical composition. Later on, Mengelberg abandoned many of his more hyperbolic gestures—particularly the vigorous shaking of one clenched fist."

Walter Damrosch, dean of American orchestra conductors, who for forty years directed the New York Symphony, does not care much for these "orchestra fighters" either. He says:

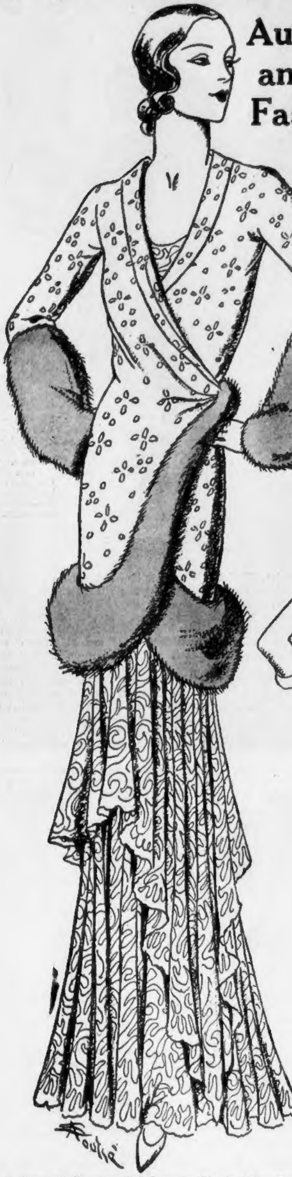
"A good conductor will use only such movements as are necessary to the interpretation of the music, and the antics of certain conductors are performed largely to impress a shallow audience."



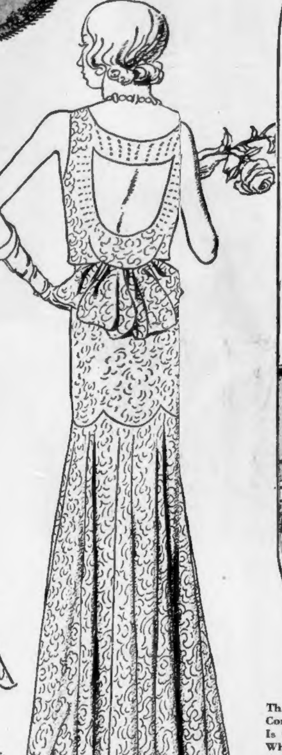
Photographs of Mascagni and Some of His Poses and Attitudes While Leading His Orchestra in Public Where Everybody Could See Him.

New Lace Evening Gowns

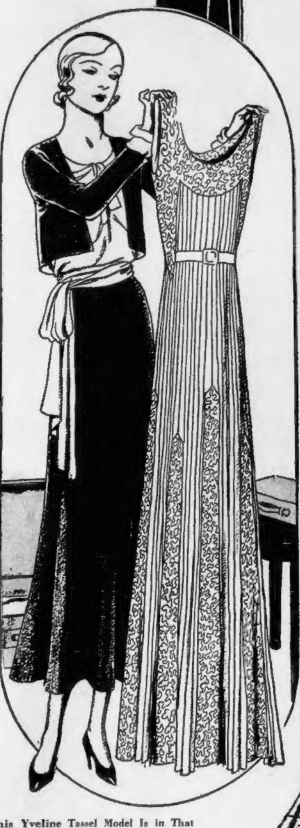
Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



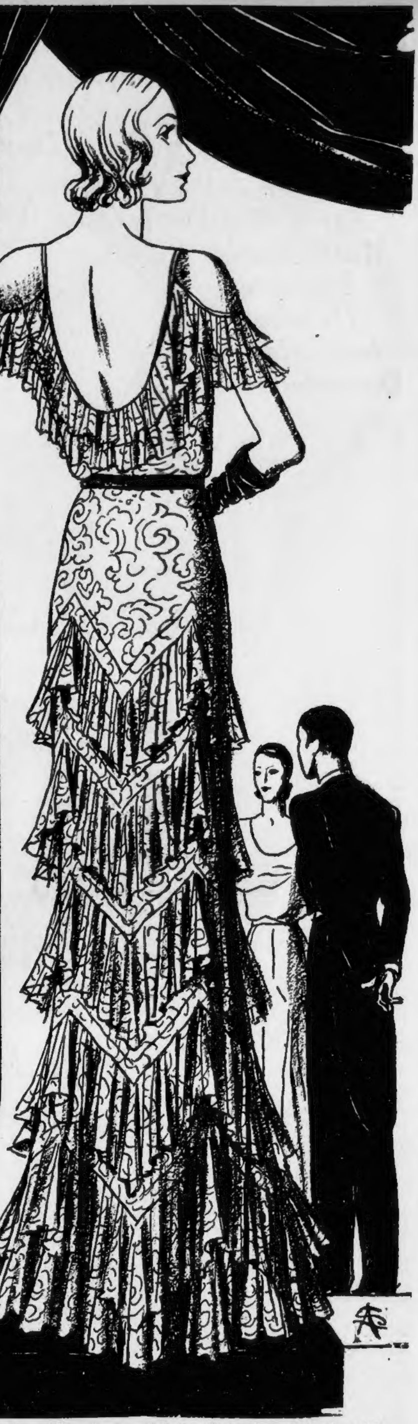
A Gown of Geranium-Red Lace, by Blanche Lebouvier, Has a Double Skirt With an Uneven Frill That Is Much Longer on One Side Than on the Other. The Bodice Is Simple, With a Rounded Neckline. Over This Is Worn a Short Coat of Geranium-Red Broderie Anglaise, or Eyelet Embroidery, Done on Batiste and Mounted on Geranium-Red Chiffon. The Coat Is Fitted at the Waist and Is Bordered With Red Fox Around the Hem and Running Up to the Waist on One Side. Deep Cuffs of the Same Fur Finish the Sleeves, but There Is No Collar.



This Evening Dress by Worth Is in a Pretty Shade of Green, Slightly Greyed, Like Mint Leaves. The Decollete Is Very Original. A Band Across the Shoulders Is Slightly Beaded With Steel Beads and Is Cut Out Below. The Steel Beading Runs Right Around the Cut-Out Section. Below There Is a Little Peplum of Petals of the Lace. The Hips Are Smoothly Fitted and a Deep Flounce Is Added With a Scalloped Line. The Gown Is Slipper-Heel Length.



This Yveline Tassel Model Is in That Combination of Chiffon and Lace Which Is One of the Successes of the Season. White Chiffon Plaited Rather Finely and White Lace of a Rather Heavy Variety Are the Materials Chosen. The Lace Is Used on the Bodice Like a Little Bolero. On the Skirt It Runs Up in Deep Points Between the Plaited Chiffon Sections. A Belt, Set High, Is of Tango-Colored Grosgrain Ribbon With a Buckle of Matching Galalith. Tango-Colored Slippers Are Worn With the Gown.



This Redfern Gown of Many Uses Is in Black Chantilly Lace Mounted Over Black Satin. The Bodice Is Decorated With Double Frills, Which Are Plaited. They Are Arranged to Leave the Shoulders Bare and Follow the Oval Line of the Decollete in the Back. The Hips Are Fitted and Below the Plaited Frills Are Set in Points. There Are Five Rows of Them, the Lowest One Being Slightly Wider Than the Others.

PARIS, May 27.

FORTUNATE are those who are contemplating Summer travel, visiting new countries, or renewing their acquaintance with old friends. It is safe to say that the woman of the party will spend a great deal of time on choosing a wardrobe, whether it be bought for the occasion or an adaptation of costumes already in wear combined with some new ones.

The kind of trip naturally determines the sort of clothes chosen for it; but for the general traveler a suit with a top coat for the actual journey, some silk frocks, an extra coat a bit more "towney," and at least one well-selected evening ensemble is usually considered a minimum.

For the evening gown I cannot do better than advise lace for its many qualities. First, you do not tire of it, so you may resign yourself to appearing in it frequently; secondly, it packs well, and shakes out on arrival without the necessity of pressing; thirdly, it is not fragile, if you chose a medium weight, and can be worn many times without looking shabby. There is even a fourthly, if you are not tired of this enumeration, which is that lace adapts itself to different occasions, so that there is little danger of appearing either under or overdressed in it.

The question of color for a gown that is to be depended upon for so much service is an important one. Probably one is safer in black than in anything else, and black lace can be varied with colored accessories, so that it turns into quite a protean garment. However, for those who prefer a color, the dark blues, midnight or sapphire, give as good general service as black itself.

For certain women brown is a distinguished evening color, but brown, after dark, is always an informal color; there is nothing "gala" about it. If green is becoming to you, there are good greens, darkish but on the bright side, which are practical and look well I do not advise any shade of red for a gown that must be worn often, as one soon tires of it.

If you prefer a light shade, you must run the risk of having to send it en route to the cleaner's. In almost every Paris collection this Spring, there are at least one pale beige evening gown, either a yellow or a rose shade. This is a good choice for the traveler, and to be preferred to the other pale colors, blue, green or pink, because it is less marked and so can safely appear more frequently.

On this page there are four lace evening gowns, any one of which would be suitable for a traveler's wardrobe. The one by Worth, originally in a pretty green shade, slightly greyed like mint leaves, has one of those original decolletes with which the Parisian dressmaker loves to experiment. A band across the shoulders is cut out below, leaving a U shaped space. This space may be covered, for more informal wear, by a capelet or fichu drape, either of the same lace or of georgette or chiffon in a matching shade.

Redfern's black lacy frills are pretty enough to wear to any evening event. This frock sketched is particularly good for dancing, as it looks charming on the floor. It might be adapted to many different occasions by the use of those life-saving jackets, capelets or fichus which the mode loves at present, and which are a splendid resource for the traveler. One night one might wear it as it is; on the next one might add the little frilled fichu of rose-colored faille, tied in the front, with which this gown is shown in Redfern's salons. On another evening a cape of coral red or turquoise blue chiffon velvet might be added, with costume jewelry of the same color. You see the endless possibilities.

Yveline Tassel is a new house which showed its first collection last Spring. The model on this page is in that combination of lace and chiffon which is found in every Parisian collection. It gives a very light Summery effect and is almost as useful as an all lace gown. Here it is shown with a tango-colored belt.

Blanche Lebouvier has made use of one of the Summer's favorite materials in making the coat that accompanies her red lace gown of broderie anglaise, or eyelet embroidery. Gowns, jackets and sections of dresses are all seen in this material this year, and wide brimmed hats are also being made of it.

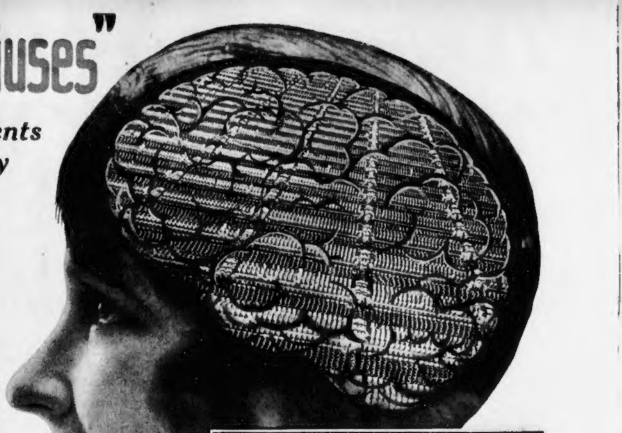
The wrap that accompanies the traveler's gown must be chosen to go with it. I think perhaps, for variable climates encountered during the voyage, a three-quarter length is the most generally useful, affording as it does a little more protection than the useful and pretty short jacket for evening wear. A good quality of velvet that does not crush or a rather heavy satin might be chosen for it.

Both of these materials will inevitably show creases when they have been packed in a confined space. The trick that all old travelers know is to unpack them at once on arrival, hang them in the bathroom, turn on the hot water, and let the wrinkles steam slowly out. By the time the garment has cooled off again it should look as if it had just come from the cleaner.

Extraordinary Exploits of "Idiot Geniuses"

Dr. Critchley Gives Examples of Insane Asylum Patients With a "One-Track Mind," Who Can Recite Every Hymn in the Hymn Book, Can Give Every Date for 1,000 Years, Beat Any College Professor in Mathematics But Are Helpless Imbeciles in Everything Else

In Earlier Days Lunatic Asylum Patients, If Regarded as Dangerous, Were Thrown Into a "Crib," the Lid Shut and Padlocked and the Victim Left to Exhaust Herself in Her Helpless Rage.



The 12,000,000,000 Brain Cells, All Connected Up With Nerves, Have Been Compared to the Inside, Interconnected Wiring of a Giant Automatic Telephone Switchboard. If a "Short Circuit" Occurs, Throwing All the Current in a Certain Direction, the Remaining Portion of the Switchboard Goes" Dead." Roughly Speaking, the Same Sort of Thing May Occur in the Human Brain, Producing the "One-Track Mind" and Shutting Off All the Rest of the Brain Cells Except Along the Path Which Is Still in Working Order.

Sir Isaac Newton, the Great Mathematician and Scientific Genius, Was "Absent-Minded" and Suffered From Delusions of Persecution. In This Picture Newton Is Shown Experimenting With Sunlight Through a Prism.

In a German Lunatic Asylum Was a Patient Who Was Able to Remember Every Card That Had Been Played and the Player Who Played It. This Uncanny Ability Made the Patient Unpopular and Finally the Other Patients Refused to Play With Him.

The Late President Wilson Announced That He Had a "One-Track Mind." But Mr. Wilson Did Not Understand What a Completely One-Track Mind Signified. He Meant That He Could Concentrate Only on One Thing at a Time.

Michael Inik, an Illinois Lunatic Was an Example of the Dangerous "One-Track Mind." In a Suit Made of Stovepipe and Newspapers, Which He Thought Made Him Bulletproof, He Loaded Himself With Weapons, Started Forth and Shot a Judge, a Policeman and a Juryman.

NOTHING is more interesting and yet more baffling to science than the human mind — the processes and methods of the brain. And as the physiologists learn much about the mechanism of other parts of the human machine when illness or disease throws the machinery out of order, so the working of the human brain can, in some respects, be better understood by study of diseased brains.

And thus it is that Dr. Macdonald Critchley in a recent report from King's College Hospital, London, sets forth some very interesting studies of the insane. Examining especially a number of "idiot geniuses," individuals who combine mental brilliance in some one direction with dullness or even hopeless insanity in other directions, Dr. Critchley is able to suggest an explanation of these strange genius-lunatics as examples of a completely "one-track mind." Lacking in other ideas or interests, it appears that the human brain is able to develop to an extraordinary degree along the only track in which the mind can run.

The late President Wilson announced that he had a "one-track mind," but he did not understand the pathological significance of a completely one-track mind. Dr. Critchley, however, recites case after case of patients under his observation who exhibit intellectual qualities almost beyond belief, and yet these mental supermen are actual imbeciles.

One of this insanity expert's most remarkable cases is that of a congenital imbecile who spent most of his life in the Leavesden Mental Hospital in England. This man belonged to the "microcephalic" or small-headed type of idiot. He was entirely unable to read or write or to learn these arts. It was impossible, the doctor reports, for him to keep his attention on any subject for more than a very few moments. Even the simplest mathematical calculations like the addition of two and two to make four were beyond this unfortunate individual's mental abilities.

Nevertheless, this man possessed a most remarkable memory. Over a period of many years while he had been a resident in the insane asylum he was able to give the date of arrival or departure of all of the physicians, attendants, and other persons connected with the asylum. Also, he apparently had committed to memory the complete hymn book of the English Church. If given the number of a hymn he would respond immediately with the first line and usually with the text of the entire hymn.

Dr. Critchley reports another patient who is a hopeless imbecile and yet extraordinarily clever at memorizing anything. He is able to repeat the results of all the local cricket games, the scores of each batsman, the bowling averages and similar data with regard to the chief English sport. American observers will be reminded of the existence of many individuals in the United States who have stored away in their memories literally books full of such detailed data concerning the standings and scores of baseball teams, baseball games and individual players, although many of these real experts on baseball statistics are people of very little competence or success in ordinary matters of everyday life, even if they are not victims of actual insanity.

This patient familiar with the cricket scores also is characterized by the remarkable memory for hymns. He is able to respond to any hymn number, instantly and accurately, with the first line of the hymn. One of his habits gives, also, an important clue to the nature of the minds of these idiot geniuses. "The patient is extremely proud," Dr. Critchley states, "of his accomplishment and spends the greater part of each church service in the close study of the hymn book." As all of the data on such cases indicates, the chief reason for the remarkable memories which these individuals possess apparently is their concentration of all mental effort and interest in the one direction; the extreme development of the one-track mind.

A special class of the idiot geniuses is represented, he believes, by a third one of his patients whose specialty is the remembering of dates. Like others of the group, this man, now twenty-six years old, has been from birth a hopeless idiot of the so-called "hydrocephalic" type, having the abnormal condition called water on the brain. This man is extremely childish and is continually laughing to himself in a vacuous fashion. One-half of his body is completely paralyzed. The opposite arm and leg are weak and tremble constantly. Because of the brain disease, his head is greatly enlarged. His speech is imperfect and difficult to understand. He suffers occasionally from epileptic fits. It is difficult to see how any person could be more definitely and clearly idiotic than the doctor's description of this case implies.

Nevertheless, this pitiful imbecile has a most astonishing memory for dates. He remembers the exact date of any minor incident in the ward of the insane asylum where he lives, such as the arrival or departure of attendants, the deaths of other patients, the making of minor physical examinations, blood tests, and so on. In addition, he is a walking perpetual calendar, able to name correctly the day of the week for any given date of month and year over thousands of years. Again, if told that a particular date, like the first of June, fails on a Monday, he will state instantly the years since the birth of Christ in which this is a possibility.

A case of similar extraordinary memory is reported from a German lunatic asylum, where a patient was able to remember every card that had been played and the player who played it. This uncanny ability made the patient unpopular and finally the other patients refused to play with him. It has been remarked that the really great bridge players are usually not good at anything else—they have forms of one-track minds. Indeed, some of the world's great men have had this mental peculiarity which allowed them to focus their thoughts on a subject with concentration undisturbed by other thoughts going on in their heads. They were called "absent minded." Sir Isaac Newton, the great mathematical and scientific genius, was absent minded and suffered from the delusion of persecution.

Of course, not all one-track minds are safe to be trusted or busy themselves with harmless things like hymns, the dates of Easter Sunday, or the cards that have been played in the game. Michael Inik, an Illinois lunatic, is an example of a dangerous one-track mind. He built himself a helmet and boots of stovepipe, and a suit made out of newspapers which he believed were bullet proof. Then equipping himself with knives, hammers, hatchets and pistols, he started forth and shot a judge, a policeman and a juryman.

Not all of the idiot geniuses are characterized by exceptional memory only. One of the cases described by Dr. Critchley, although a blind imbecile with virtually no mental ability of ordinary kinds, possessed, he reports, the very rare and remarkable characteristic which musicians call "absolute pitch." Like the other infrequent individuals who have this ability, this idiot blind boy could recognize and name instantly any of the notes of the piano keyboard. What is still more remarkable, he could identify instantly the individual notes in a chord of ten notes all struck at the same time.

"On one occasion," Dr. Critchley reports, "the organ in the institution chapel went out of order so that when a particular stop was pulled out several notes sounded together. No one except the patient was able to identify the notes which were concerned."

Another example of unusual ability in a lunatic, this time a physical ability, is the famous "cat lunatic" named Richter, who has given much trouble to the police of the city of Berlin. On one recent occasion this individual escaped from the insane asylum where he is confined, climbed the front of a house on one of the city's busy streets, frightened a woman occupant almost out of her wits, locked himself in, took a bath, ate half a cake of soap, put on an overcoat and some gloves which he found in the flat, and reappeared at a front window with a family portrait, which he promptly threw out to the crowd in the street below.

Pursued by firemen and police with ladders, the lunatic climbed out again onto the front of the house and proceeded upward to the roof. On being finally captured and taken to the police station he climbed straight up the bare wall of the police room and finished, when locked in a cell, by climbing twelve feet up a wall so that he could recite nursery rhymes through the grilled window to passersby on the street outside. He stated to the police that he was really Prince Joachim of Prussia in disguise, but was presently identified as the escaped lunatic which he really was. Even then, the authorities were not through with him, for on his return to the asylum he escaped from the attendant, climbed straight up the high wall of the institution and again obtained his freedom, finally to be captured and safely locked up on the following day.

There are numerous individuals of unusual athletic abilities who have more or less prowess in wall climbing and who make their livings, for example, by giving exhibitions as "human flies." None of them has equalled, however, the remarkable exploits of this Berlin lunatic whose mind otherwise is completely twisted.

Another case which came under Dr. Critchley's observation was that of an imbecile child, clumsy with his hands, unable to learn, indistinct in speech and otherwise clearly of idiot type. This boy, who now is fifteen years old, possesses a more intimate knowledge of one of the chief English railway systems, the Southern Railway, than is possessed, it is probable, by any employe of the system itself. He knows all of the stations on this system in correct order, the area which each station serves, the exact routes between stations, the portions of the railway which have been electrified, the shortest itineraries between stations, the times at which trains leave and arrive, the similar times at junction points and the like.

Other extraordinary examples of special skills or memories include an individual named Buxton, who was able to describe, with full names and dates, every occasion on which anyone had bought him free beer since he was twelve years old. Still another imbecile had so delicate a sense of touch that he could split a newspaper page into two thin and equal layers. An imbecile girl of twenty-two was able to repeat correctly the dates and circumstances of every visit paid or received by her family over many years. Another patient knew by heart the date of every Easter from 1000 A. D. to 2000 A. D., as well as the name of every patron saint for each day in the year.

One of the most remarkable cases of lunatic geniuses ever described is that of the French "calculating idiot" named Fleury. This individual was blind, completely idiot in mentality, uncontrollable and destructive. He was afflicted, also, with continual muscular tremors. Nevertheless, he learned to perform the most remarkable calculating feats, such, for example, as extracting mentally in thirteen seconds the cube root of the number 465,484,375. He multiplied successfully in his mind 287 by 341 in ten seconds. Despite this arithmetical ability this individual was incapable of grasping even the rudiments of geometry.

One observation made on this patient is especially significant. When performing his mental calculation, it is reported, Fleury was observed to work his fingers rapidly. Apparently he had perfected a calculation method in which the fingers represented digits, tens, hundreds or other units, so that his hands became virtually a calculating machine, like the numerous mechanical calculators which have been devised. Joined to this must have been an exceptional memory in which the results of these finger calculations were recorded, step by step, as they were made.

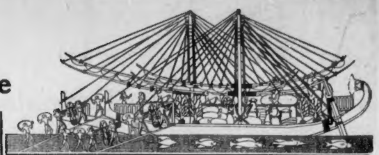
It is this unusual ability to store up memories of some single, definite kind which explains the power of these idiot geniusus and also their relations to the more normal examples of one-track minds, Dr. Critchley suggests. Apparently the human memory is limited in the amount of material which it can contain. Ordinary individuals have a large number of different interests. In connection with these they store up in their memories a very large number of facts of many different kinds; some facts about friends and relatives, other facts representing history or English literature or other items of ordinary education, still other facts dealing with hobbies by which the individual is attracted and a large number of additional facts which constitute competence in some single trade or business.

The very fact of the number and diversity of such interests and memories prevents any one of these interests becoming supreme. With many, varied things stored in one's mind, one is perhaps a well-rounded, generally competent individual, but neither an idiot nor a genius. What happens to the imbeciles and idiots which have been described is that their mental outlook is limited to one particular thing; to dates or hymn numbers or the stations on a railway system or the ability to climb walls. Nothing else distracts the attention of such persons. Nothing else limits the storage of memories, as memory storage in ordinary individuals is limited by the numerous and diverse memories already stored.

So it is, Dr. Critchley believes, that these idiot geniuses develop minds which run on one track, not only for the moment or usually, but always and inescapably. The mere fact that no other part of the mind works at all sets free all of the mind's energy, great or small as it may be, to operate along this one groove and in this one direction.

The Mystery of Perfumes

Curious New Facts Revealed by Recent Scientific Research, Even the "Odor of Sanctity" Is Recognized, Analyzed and Explained, but Many Other Peculiar Things Are Not Yet Understood

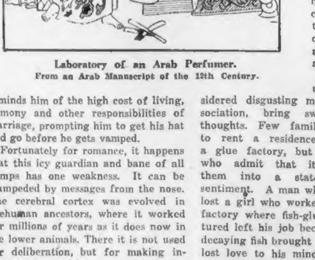


An Ancient Dhow Being Laden With Spices to Be Manufactured Into Perfumes, 5,000 Years Ago.

King Solomon Watching the Unloading of Cargoes of Spices and Aromatic Oils From Arabia, to Be Made Up Into Perfumes by His Chemists. "Besides That, He (King Solomon) Had the Traffic of Spice Merchants and of All the Kings of Arabia and of the Governors of the Country"—1 Kings, Chap. 10, Verse 15.

The Gorgeous Madame de Pompadour, Whose Household Expenses Showed a Total of $100,000 Spent in a Year for Her Perfumery Bill.

A Greek Vase in Excellent Preservation, Decorated With Make-up Scenes.



Laboratory of an Arab Perfumer.
From an Arab Manuscript of the 12th Century.

Louis XIV., Who Had a Great Love for Perfumes and Was Described by Fournier As "The Sweetest-Smelling Monarch That I Had Ever Seen."

PERFUME and its effects have always been something of a mystery to man, and even to woman, who has tested its powers and dangers more thoroughly.

The dictionary says that perfume is a pleasant smell, but what is pleasant to one nose often is unpleasant to another. Just the right scent can and often does fascinate a man and draw him irresistibly to the woman who uses it. But it is an uncertain charm and may drive away the very man at whom it is aimed.

In the study of perfumes by scientists, it has been found that two very different branches of science are interwoven. While the chemist is able to analyze and counterfeit most perfumes, yet it requires the psychologist to interpret why some odors attract and others repel human beings, why some kinds of perfume are chiefly popular with women, and yet others are the ones men prefer; and why a given odor may be welcomed by one individual, yet the same perfume will disgust and annoy another.

Nature is the original perfume maker, but even she does not please all noses by any means. Though most all men and women would agree that the fragrance from a field of flowers is delightful, the much keener-nosed dog is not interested unless the field by chance contains a plant known scientifically as Chenopodium Olidum. In that case the dog will go into raptures, inhaling its scent and proving his appreciation by rolling in it. How little man agrees with the canine opinion of that particular perfume is shown by the plant's common name, which is "stinking goosefoot."

Why a mere smell in the air should upset a man's judgment as to the desirability of a woman is explained by the evolution of the human brain. The part of the brain where cold, clear thinking is done is the cerebral cortex. This is the part that resists temptations, that weighs consequences and warns a man to go slowly. When he gazes into lovely eyes that have a come-hither look, this is the part that reminds him of the high cost of living, alimony and other responsibilities of marriage, prompting him to get his hat and go before he gets vamped.

Fortunately for romance, it happens that this icy guardian and bane of all vamps has one weakness. It can be stampeded by messages from the nose. The cerebral cortex was evolved in prehuman ancestors, where it worked for millions of years as it does now in the lower animals. There it is not used for deliberation, but for making instantaneous decisions such as whether to advance or flee.

An animal emerging from cover raises quivering nostrils and sniffs. If his nose tells him that man or some other dangerous creature is near, he is off into his hiding place like a flash. If his nose says that something good to eat is close by, he instantly starts forward to investigate and capture it. The animal cortex does not stop and analyze; it acts with a swift and overpowering impulse. Though the human cortex has evolved into a thinking organ, it has not lost its ancient traits and can still be stampeded by smells. For that very purpose millions of dollars' worth of perfumes are used every year, sometimes with unexpected results. Women are almost though not quite as susceptible to nose appeal as men.

Wild animals seem to be born with educated noses which tell them, at the first whiff, which way to jump. Man inherits a few, but, for the most part, his nose is educated or, as the behaviorists say, "conditioned" by experience. People not only get used to bad odors but come to like them. For instance, Roquefort is one of the most popular cheeses, but try to get a young child to taste it after it has had a smell of it.

Odors that are universally considered disgusting may, through association, bring sweetly romantic thoughts. Few families would care to rent a residence next door to a glue factory, but there are men who admit that its odor throws them into a state of romantic sentiment. A man who had loved and lost a girl who worked with him in a factory where fish-glue was manufactured left his job because the odor of decaying fish brought the picture of his lost love to his mind. Whenever he passed one of those high-smelling places he became sad and love-sick. It is quite likely that any girl desiring to win him would have done well to have gotten a job in a glue factory and vamped him while the perfume of stale fish was still fresh in her hair and clothes.

In spite of the fact that men do a certain amount of fussing and criticising of women's perfumes, all women are convinced that all men are sentimentalists, and science thinks this is true. Most of the criticism comes from married men, perhaps because they are not sure that this bait is entirely for their benefit. The uncertain art of luring by perfume can never be turned into an exact science, probably, because it is hard to know which one will attract any particular man.

Many women think that they should use an individual perfume that fits their personality just as a certain color blends with their eyes or hair. This is as much a mistake as for a fisherman to use only one fly that matches his whiskers. The only preferences to be considered are those of the fish or the man to be caught.

If a man happens to be a perfume-user, it will not avail a woman much to adopt the same one for herself. Though she may be sure it will not repel him, it won't attract him either. The perfume that will intoxicate a man is never the one he uses. Suppose the odor of violets happens to be the one that dethrones his reason agreeably, it is probably because it brings up thrilling memories of his first love or perhaps unconscious memories of his childhood. For some reason, possibly because it may seem like sacrilege, he will not scent himself with it.

Dr. C. J. S. Thompson, in his recent book, "The Mystery and Lure of Perfume," published by the Bodley Head, London, has gone into all that is known on the subject and shows the powerful influence of perfumes from the earliest times. Eden was a garden, full of flowers, and not till Adam and Eve got dispossessed were they supposed to have known any sort of a bad smell. The first recipe for perfume, Dr. Thompson finds in the Bible, the book of Exodus, Chapter xxx, verse 34:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each there shall be a like weight: and thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy: and thou shalt beat some of it very small..."

This was not to be used for vamping purposes but was holy, like incense in the churches. However, the Phoenicians, Egyptians, Greeks and other trading ancients did a big business in fragrant gums, spices and oils that were for private use. Oil of lily was prized in ancient Egypt and exported to other parts of the world. The fragrance of the perfume buried with Tutankhamen still lingered in his tomb after 3,000 years.

Queen Hatshepsu of Egypt, 1600 B. C., sent five ships to get plenty of her favorite myrrh. The Arabs were the first to perfect distilling of the volatile oils of flowers. Attar of roses became the popular Turkish perfume because roses were supposed to have sprung up where Mohammed's sweat fell on the earth.

Cleopatra, vamp that she was, went in for perfume on a grand scale. She is reported to have used mostly spices dissolved in water. Even the decks and sails of her ships were so impregnated that it was said to have been a pleasure to pass even a mile to leeward of them. Did Cleopatra's spies find out in advance what sweet odors would make Antony and even the calculating Caesar forget themselves? If so she kept that secret.

Shakespeare said that the ones he liked were violet, rose and lily, but none of those may have been the one that would have led him to the altar again or the divorce court. The scent that is said to have vamped King Henry VIII is made as follows:

"Take six spoonfuls of rose-water, six spoonfuls and a quarter of an ounce of fine sugar. Mix and add two grains of musk and one ounce of ambergris. Boil softly together for five or six hours and strain."

Queen Elizabeth's was composed of musk, damask water and sugar. One of Napoleon's bills contained an item of 162 bottles of Eau de Cologne and another one had four cases of it. But that was for himself. The odor that vamped him was musk used by the Empress Josephine and yet he often made a husbandly complaint against it. The late Czarina of Russia who could twist her husband around her finger, employed Essence of Chypre, but it failed to vamp the Bolsheviks when they decided to murder her. In Athens they went so far as to have a special perfume for each part of the body. Socrates protested:

"No man is ever anointed with perfume for the sake of men and, as to women, how can they want perfume in their husbands when they themselves are redolent of it?"

In 1770, the following bill was solemnly introduced in Parliament:

"That all women, of whatever rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from and after such Act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes and bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall be null and void."

This bill to protect bachelors, however, failed to pass, with the result that they have been getting married in England ever since.

Some perfumes, Dr. Thompson finds, are so repulsive to certain men as to cause headaches and even nausea. Many hay fever sufferers wish the use of perfume were a state's prison offense. Even agreeable ones can be harmful. A French journal recently recorded the case of a young woman who saturated her linen, clothing and even her apartment with patchouli. "Loss of appetite, depression and insomnia fallowed and, in the end, she became a victim of neurasthenia."

"There is a curious difference," the author finds, "between the odors preferred by men and women. Women, as a rule, show a distinct liking for perfumes in which mint, citronella, rose, violet and softer odors are combined; while men have a preference for musk, lavender, cedar, sandal or perfumes in which they take part."

Dogs undoubtedly know their master's personal odor and when he is sick or nervously distraught enough to change that odor, the animal recognizes that something is wrong. In the middle ages it was frequently recorded that a saintly person died "in the odor of sanctity." This seems to have been no mere figure of speech but a reality. St. Polycarp was specially mentioned as smelling sweet at his death.

Quoting an American physician, Dr. Thompson says that the "odor of sanctity" has a neuropathic explanation. The physician declared that the odor may have been due to disease or emitted during conditions of hysterical excitement and religious exaltation. He instanced that persons suffering from suppurative conditions, emitted an aromatic odor like strawberries which was produced by the invasion of the pus by the bacillus pyogenes and that when turpentine had been administerd they diffused an odor of violets.

"The odor of sanctity," Dr. George Dumas, of Paris, states, "has been compared to the perfume of the lily, the rose, the violet and the pineapple."

St. Theresa's "odor of sanctity" he lays to diabetic acetonaemia because the breath of diabetics is well-known to have a peculiar sweet smell.

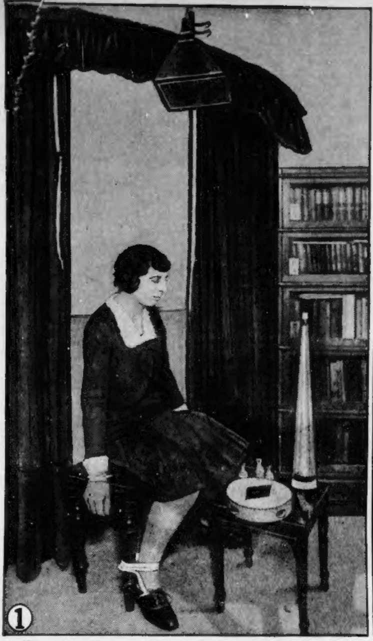
Considering that the human nostrils are assaulted by so many smells, it is a mercy that the nerves of that sense tire easily. In hunting a smell it is always well to remember that, "The first sniff is the best sniff."

As Kipling has written:

"Smells are surer than sounds or sights to make your heart-strings crack."

Bogus "Spirit Mediums" Tell How They Fooled Conan Doyle

The Author of "Sherlock Holmes" Died Believing He Had Seen Spooks and Received "Spirit Messages" but Recent Confessions Reveal the Frauds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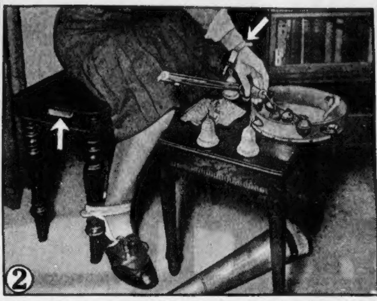
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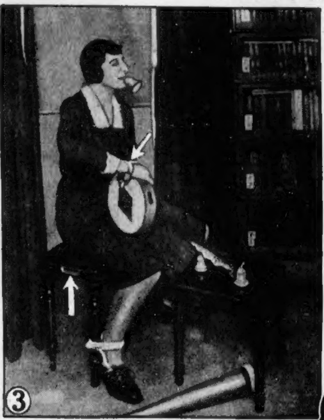
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How the Bogus "Spirit Medium" Is Tied to a Stool, the Curtains of the Cabinet Drawn and "the Spirits" Begin to Play the Musical Instruments.

1—Although Bound to a Solid Mahogany Stool in the Manner Shown Above, the Medium Is Able to Play the Bells, Tambourine and Trumpet in Front of Her as Soon as the Lights Are Turned Out. Before Each Seance the Stool Was Handed Round for Examination by the Audience, the Legs Even Being Unscrewed, but No Trickery Could Be Discovered, However Careful the Scrutiny. The Noises From the Cabinet Are Ascribed to Spirit Agency. How It Is Made Possible Is Revealed by the Pictures on the Right.

2—No Matter How Tightly the Medium's Hands and Feet Were Tied to the Stool With Medical Tape, She Contrived to "Do Her Stuff." The Explanation Lay in an Ingeniously Concealed Spring Which the Medium Pressed With the Tips of Her Right-Hand Fingers. This Released the Little Block of Wood (Marked by Top Arrow Above) Through Which the Tape Was Passed, and She Could Then Use Her Right Hand Freely. The Second Arrow Points to the Hole Left by the Release of the Block, and the Smaller Picture on the Right Gives a Close-up of the Clever Trick.

3—The Ribbons Fixed on the Heavy Curtains Behind Are Phosphorescent, Giving the Effect of Lightning When the Lights Are Turned Down and the Curtains Agitated. The Stool Is Now on Exhibition, With Other Fakes Belonging to Bogus Mediums, at the National Laboratory of Psychical Research in Roland Gardens, South Kensington, London, England.

The Mysterious Slates.

Mr. Harry Price, Director of the British National Laboratory of Psychical Research Which Has Devoted Much Time and Expense to the Exposure of Fraudulent Mediums, Demonstrating the Slate Trick. Two Plain Slates, Previously Examined Minutely, Are Placed Together by the Medium. When She Takes Them Apart, One Has a "Spirit" Drawing, the Other Some "Spirit" Writing. The Secret Is a Strong, Hidden Spring.

THE late Conan Doyle has hardly been laid away in his grave when confessions begin to be made that the "spirit mediums" who largely converted him to spiritualism are frauds. But it probably would not have upset his faith because most people believe what they want to believe. The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" had taken a stand endorsing the "supernatural," much to the sorrow of many of his friends, and it would have made him ridiculous if he had admitted that he had been fooled by the clumsy tricks of bogus mediums.

Indeed, before Doyle died a few disconcerting revelations had been made. Frederick T. Munnings, a celebrated British "spirit medium," confessed in great detail how he produced "spirits," arranged messages from the "spirit world" and managed his "supernatural" wonders. Conan Doyle had been deeply impressed by Munnings and had endorsed him as one of the greatest mediums. And yet Mr. Munnings baldly admitted that he never saw a ghost in his life, could produce bogus "spirit messages" from anybody, had faked any number of ghost photographs and even "materialized" a dead dog. An almost fatal illness had brought about an awakening of his conscience and he confessed his long career of fraud.

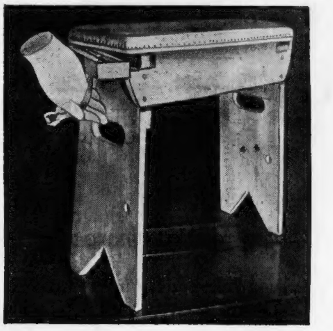
But Mr. Munnings's revelations, made before Conan Doyle died, did not disturb the distinguished author. It is unlikely that the recent confessions by other bogus mediums would have upset Doyle's faith if they had come before he died a few months ago.

Both the English and the American revelations show that Sir Arthur's friend, the late Harry Houdini, was right in telling him that all these weird and supernatural doings in the dark of the seance room were produced either by sleight of hand or special trick apparatus. Mr. Harry Price, Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research in London, exhibits an interesting museum of ingenious devices for fooling the credulous which he will gladly demonstrate to any spiritualists who care to call. But, curiously enough, real believers never seem to wish to know how such things are done.

For instance, what could be more convincing than to strap a medium, hand and foot, to a stool or chair by means of surgical tape. Houdini used to wriggle out of handcuffs and ropes no matter how fast he was bound, but tape is another matter. Criminals [illegible] to tie up their victims and they [illegible] tied until someone releases them. Nevertheless, mediums of both sexes, [illegible] strapped, have somehow caused [illegible] to ring, musical instruments to be played, articles to fly around in the air, ghostly figures to stride around in the dark and all the other manifestations of busy visitors from the next world.

When the lights were turned up and the curtains of the cabinet drawn aside, there was the medium still helplessly bound, hand and foot, in the unbreakable grip of the tape. Sir Arthur, after one of these demonstrations, used to ask reproachfully how anyone could witness such unquestionable evidence and still doubt the great truths of spiritualism. Mr. Price could not answer that question satisfactorily until he got hold of one of the stools and had examined it carefully for a long time. Then he was able to do all the medium did without any spiritual help and in a bright light.

Seeing in the Dark. This Iron Trumpet Was Used by a "Direct-Voice" Medium, Who, When Given Written Messages in the Dark, Replied Through the Trumpet in the Voice of the "Spirit" to Whom They Were Addressed. She Put the Message in the Cap (on Left), Which Fitted On to the End of the Trumpet (Unseen by Her Audience) and Contained a Small Battery and Bulb, Which Light Enabled Her to Read the Message.



This Is Another Trick Stool Used by Spiritualistic Frauds and Baffled Investigators for Many Years. To Work the Spring Which Releases the Block of Wood, the Medium in This Case Inserts Her Right Hand in the Hand Grip and Pulls Upwards Against Her Own Weight.

By pressing a little hidden spring, the piece of the stool to which the hands were taped, comes loose entirely. To be completely free, all the medium had to do was to reach down and unscrew the sections of the legs to which his ankles were taped. Then, except for the slight inconvenience of four small pieces of wood attached to his extremities, he was free to step forth from the cabinet and put on his show. When this was over, he simply stepped back into the cabinet, replaced the four pieces of the stool and was once more a helpless captive.

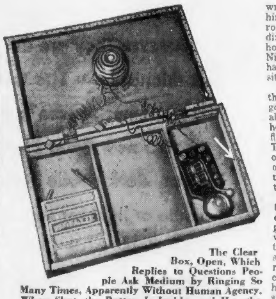
One medium produced flashes of what looked like pale lightning running around the cabinet. This was supposed to be the visible gathering of the psychic forces, impressive as well as hard to explain at first.

The trick, however, turned out to be simple and easy. All that is needed is a couple of strips of ribbon, treated with phosphorescent chemicals on the inside of the cabinet flaps. While the light is on these ribbons it looks no different from the rest of the material, but as soon as it is dark they glow. When the medium has released himself or herself from the bonds and is ready to start the demonstration, he flaps the curtains about, thus producing a "cold psychic breeze" and glimpses of the phosphorescent ribbons, all the signs of a little psychic thunderstorm.

Whenever a medium confesses, he invariably mentions how much the sitters at a seance help fool themselves and even suggest some of the medium's best tricks. Munnings had never thought of producing the so-called "spirit lights" until he did it by accident. One day, in the midst of a seance, he pulled out his watch with an ordinary luminous dial, to see how much more entertainment he ought to give them. He forgot to shield it with his hand and two people cried out that they saw spirit lights. After that Munnings exhibited his watch boldly as a regular part of his performance.

The Sealed Box.

Messages Placed in This Strong Box—Which Was Locked and the Keyhole Sealed—Were Mysteriously Answered by the Medium. The Secret Is the Little Screw (Top Left) Which, on Being Pulled Out, Released the Lock.



The Clear Box, Open, Which Replies to Questions People Ask Medium by Ringing So Many Times, Apparently Without Human Agency. When Shut, the Button Is Inside, and How the Bell Was Made to Ring Was Unexplained for Years, for the Box as Usual Showed No Signs of Any Contrivance Other Than What Is Shown Above, However Carefully Examined. Actually, There Is a Tube of Mercury Concealed in the Side (Indicated by Arrow) and the Medium Merely Tilted the Box to Make the Bell Ring.

Nino Pecoraro, born in Naples, Italy, but for eleven years one of America's star mediums whom Sir Arthur called one of the greatest in the world, has just confessed that he "got tired of the medium racket." Munnings did so from a troubled conscience but most of the others, like Nino, quit from disgust. He says:

"The spirits get all the credit, the managers get all the money and I do all the work."

After he had explained the mechanics of wriggling out of his bonds, playing instruments, writing on the inside of sealed slates and the other stock tricks, somebody wanted to know how he materialized his ghosts that the sitters saw.

"I never produced any ghosts and I never saw any either," he said. "Yes, they would see them and speak about them to each other and I used to look around and feel for them because I would dearly love to see a ghost, but I never did in all my life."

It was the same story of the sitters fooling themselves. After a circle of people have sat in darkness and nervous expectancy for some time and finally the medium has started a few uncanny noises and moves to prove the spirits are hovering around, the sitters' imaginations begin to make them see things.

Sir Arthur was among those who testified that they had felt a cold psychic breeze at both Munnings' and Nino's sittings. Munnings deliberately produced it by whisking a trumpet or other object past their faces and making a rushing sound like wind by whirling his belt strap over his head. Nino never bothered to do this, but they felt it just the same. He thinks it was a feeling that goes with gooseflesh and cold chills that gullible people get at such times. At one of the seances, Sir Arthur and two other men were sitting on a heavy sofa and when one of them said it was rising into the air by "levitation," the others said they felt it, too.

Nino is a slim little man, with tiny wrists of rubber-like bones which give him an advantage in wriggling out of ropes with ridiculous ease, like Houdini, but he has little strength. Asked how he managed to levitate the sofa, Nino laughed and said he could not have raised it even if nobody had been sitting on it.

"I was surprised when I heard those three men saying that the sofa was going up with them," he said, "and I almost believed them. They were honest men, their feet were on the floor, how could they be mistaken? They had me so puzzled that I went over and felt of the thing. It was right on the floor all the time, but they still thought they were sailing around in the air.

Spirits are temperamental and have to be humored. Some have a violent dislike to surgeon's tape and won't grace with their presence a seance where it is to be used. Others, especially those where the medium has the right sort of trick stool, favor it. Many mediums (for the sake of their spirit controls they say) refuse to have their hands sewed into mittens. Nino's spooks had no prejudice against them. He let them sew him into a pair and the mittens sewed together. No wonder, he could slip his slim hands out in a jiffy and what is more remarkable, force them back in again without breaking the stitches.

During a seance of Nino's the spirit of Doyle's son who was killed in the war came and shook hands with his father. The great novelist had no doubt that it was his beloved boy's materialized form greeting him from beyond the grave and he was much comforted at this "evidence" that they would meet again. Sir Arthur was sure because he had seen Nino's hands sewed into mittens and his wrists tied tightly with rope and when the lights were turned on again he made sure that they were in the same condition.

Even if the famous novelist had lived to read of Nino's confession that it was his live mortal hand that he was shaking it would hardly have upset his faith.

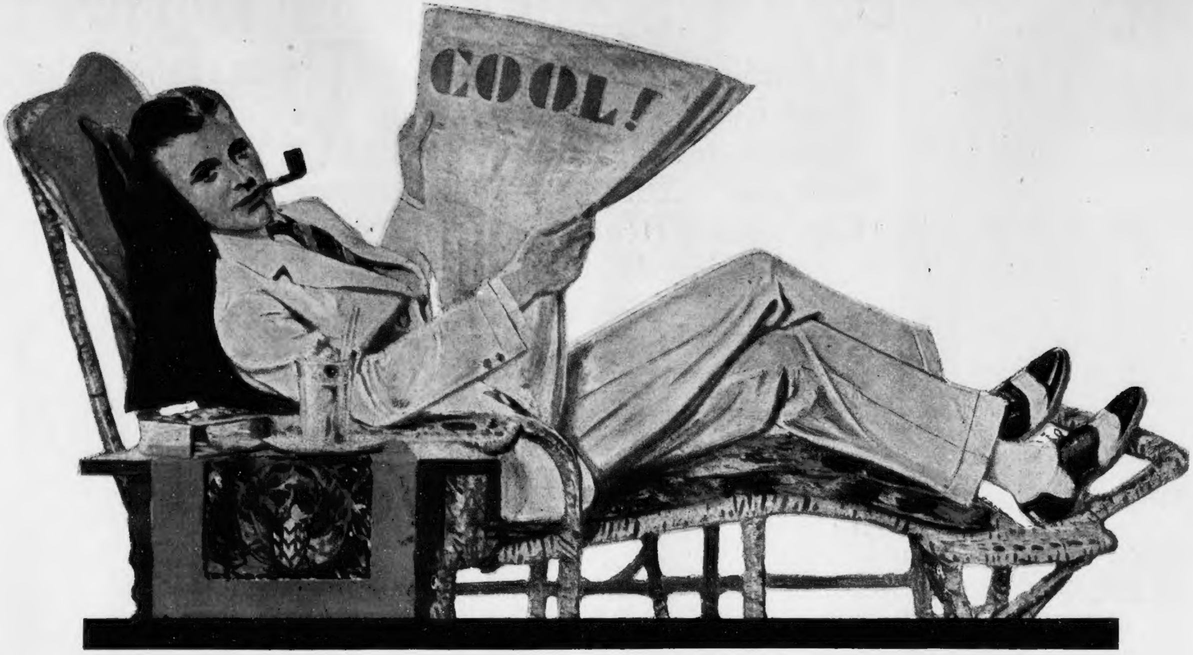
From those who have confessed, it seems that each medium learns his own tricks, self-taught. Nino is a wonder at squirming himself free from ropes and mittens, but he had never learned one of the simplest and oldest tricks of all, writing "spirit" messages on a slate, in the dark, while a sitter holds both his hands. This is done by taking the chalk between the teeth. It requires little practice. Nor had anyone sold him the trick slates that open by a secret spring, giving the medium plenty of time to write long messages and even make "spirit" drawings.

Another bit of apparatus that impresses sitters is a box which is carefully locked and sealed and a written question either locked inside or dropped in through a slot. The medium goes into a trance, the spirits cavort and when all is over, the seal is taken off, the box unlocked and beside the question is a written answer. It usually is not a very valuable answer but how did it get in there?

The box has a secret spring through which the medium opens it, gets at the question and, with the aid of the tiniest of electric flashlights reads and answers it. If someone gets a glimpse of the light, so much the more wonderful. It must be a "spirit light." One lady medium carried her battery and light in her hat. Ladies don't have to remove their hats even in the presence of ghosts.

Another magic box has an electric bell and a push button in its locked interior where only a spirit finger could possibly press it. There is no secret method of getting into this box and yet the bell rings merrily, making code replies to spoken questions. The trick consists of a tube of mercury which makes an electric contact only when the box is tilted in a certain way. This apparatus can be freely handled because unless the examiner presses at just the right spot and gives the box just the right tilt at the same time, nothing will happen. Sometimes the springs will not work until the medium has first removed an innocent-looking screw. They are ingenious devices worthy of a better cause.

For more than 20 years Andree and his two companions lay dead at White Island in the Arctic while all the world wondered what had become of them. messages from all sorts of unimportant messages from all sort of unimportant dead men but never a word from these three who must have been most anxious either to talk themselves or to get some other spirit to put a message through. Of all the millions of silly messages from the other side not one has given any valuable information.



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Lava Love—by Inez Castello

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Adora Vernon's position on the yacht Sea Spray, on a cruise in the South Seas, becomes embarrassing when Nicky Armstrong the owner, makes clandestine love to her. Nicky's wife discovers the affair and innocent Adora is drugged and left behind at Saranoa at the plantation of Carlos de Velasquinez, a former admirer of hers.

The Spaniard makes her an offer of marriage but headstrong Adora refuses and escapes to Saranoa where she falls into the hands of Manoel da Costa a Portuguese innkeeper. Carlos rescues her and returns her to his plantation. Under the ardor of his love-making Adora feels herself weakening and begs him to send her back to England. When he agrees she realizes that she does not want to go.

Adora decides to marry Carlos but determines to tantalize him a bit before she surrenders. She is about to confess her love when Conchita Mendez and her brother, Luiz, arrive unexpectedly for a visit. The Spaniard introduces Adora as his wife to save her reputation.

Conchita is furious as she hoped to marry Carlos for his wealth and titles. Luiz, suspicious of the story of their secret marriage, attempts openly to flirt with Adora.

CHAPTER XV.

Vanished Hopes.

JOINING Adora on the veranda Carlos spoke coldly.

"Before I go to visit my sick neighbór, you had better drink this," he said, holding out something in a glass. "You really are not looking at all up to the mark, Adora. I dare say the climate is too much for you. It is all right for a girl like Conchita, born in the tropics, but you are more delicate. Perhaps, after all, I shall have to send you home to England. We shall see.

"By the way," he added, as she drank down the medicine and made a wry little face, "it was just as well Conchita and her brother turned up when they did. You couldn't have gone on that boat I mentioned. It is held up at the last port with smallpox on board."

"Isn't it fortunate for us, Carlos," she asked a little languidly, handing him back the medicine glass, "that Conchita and her brother came?"

Adora Awakened Suddenly to the Sound of a Man's Whisper.

"Yes, I suppose it is..." He rammed his big sombrero over his curly black hair and laughed cynically, "Well, I'm off, querida. I'm late now. You won't be lonely with our guests for company, I'm sure."

With that, not even looking down at her, he was gone, striding off the veranda! A moment later the engine of his car began to purr, and then the noise receded into the distance. It was replaced by the voice of Luiz Mendez behind Adora. He said on his silken note, a man's replica of his sister's voice

"The senora will assuredly not be lonely if she is with me!"

Adora turned her golden head. She was inwardly furious with Don Carlos. And, in order to be level with him over his familiar attitude towards Conchita as she had seen it, she smiled temptingly at Luiz

"You must have heard what Carlos said, Luiz!" she exclaimed, returning into the house and making way for him on the divan, into a corner of which she was snuggling

"One could not help but hear!" he laughed, sitting beside her, and adding: "It was indeed such good news that I was overjoyed to hear it."

"Good news?" Adora turned on him her tantalizing sea-blue eyes

"That you were going to be left alone for a while with us—with me. Always, it seems to me, that dragon of a Carlos is watching over you."

"Do you think so?" Adora shrugged, and laughed. "If you asked me, Luiz, I should say that Carlos is more frequently in your sister's company, interested in her rather than in me."

"Ah, well . . ." Luiz smiled, and leaned toward Adora. "Is not that only natural?" he said. "You know already that both Conchita and I thought Carlos intended to marry her. It has come as a blow to her—and to me also—that we arrive here to find you as his wife."

"Of course, I know that. At least, so far as your sister is concerned. Carlos and you both told me. But —" Adora hesitated a moment "why should it be a blow to you, Luiz?"

"Because you are so lovely that—how could I possibly help losing my heart to you?"

He said those words with such tense emotion, such passionate fervor, that Adora was a little frightened. She had intended to lead the way to a mild and meaningless flirtation which might show Carlos that she too had her rights to freedom. But the face of Luiz, contorted by passion, alarmed her

"You mustn't say things like that, Luiz!" she reproved him, to find one of her little hands grasped fiercely in his hold

"Why not, you adorable creature?" he breathed, leaning towards her so suddenly that she shrank back into the corner of the couch, one small palm pressed against his chest to hold him at bay

"How can you ask such a question?" she demanded. "To talk like that in his house, and you his friend?"

"That is nothing. I say again that I love you. I have just as much right to do and say that as he has."

"And I am his wife?" Adora was saying when a fresh voice interrupted with a little rippling laugh of derision, causing Adora to turn in astonishment to find that Conchita had joined them

"If you really happened to be," Conchita was saying, her eyes mocking as she stood there, looking across at Adora so meaningly that the latter was shocked into realizing something seriously [illegible]s.

"Do you then question the fact, Conchita?" Adora demanded coldly.

The other laughed again.

"There is no fact to be questioned!" she rejoined.

"You know perfectly well that Carlos and you never have been married. That ring on your finger is just sheer pretence, and the story of a marriage is only to save your face, invented when Carlos knew we were coming."

Adora was so startled by this statement of fact as definitely coming from Conchita's actual knowledge that she did not attempt to deny it. She searched at once for the root of that knowledge, amazed that the truth should actually be known. And there was no one from whom the truth could have come but Carlos. But surely, she argued, Carlos could never have betrayed her like that?

"I should like to know," she said meanwhile, "why you seem so certain about that, Conchita?"

Conchita laughed again. She was out to take risks. Actually, she was not quite so certain as she had sounded. The truth was that Luiz, during his visit to Saranoa, had been talking to the Portuguese hotel proprietor, da Costa, mentioning that he was staying with Don Carlos and his English wife whom he had recently married. And da Costa had laughed, telling as much as he knew about Adora, suggesting that the story of marriage was not true

This, with other suspicions aroused in her by watching during the last few days and nights, had decided Conchita on the bold stroke of tackling Adora on the subject when Carlos was out of the way. And now, confronted by Adora's very natural question, she decided upon another bold stroke when she answered it, screening a lie behind a silken smile of certainty

"How could I come to know, excepting through Carlos himself?" she replied.

"Carlos told you himself . . ."

Adora's voice sounded dull and lifeless, and in contrast Conchita's laugh bubbled with a brilliant vivacity

"Certainly he told me. But . . I must admit this, my dear. It was quite accidental. He said something and then—well, the only thing he could do was to confess the truth. Of course, I promised him not to say anything."

"And—this is how you keep your promise?" Adora shrugged, her lips curled in a smile of contempt which had the effect of rousing the other to a sudden anger

"Because I love Carlos!" she flamed. "And because he is utterly miserable through having you on his hands, and being caught with you here by me, having to pretend to me—to me who was his promised wife before ever he met you and you tried to fascinate him!"

"I—tried to fascinate him?" Adora stared in hurt surprise, and leaned forward. "Did Carlos tell you that, too, or are you imagining it? Did he tell you how I actually came here, how I was left here in his power by the people whom I believed to be my friends?"

Conchita, of course, had no such earlier knowledge of the facts, so she snatched eagerly at the scanty ones now suggested by Adora to store them in her memory, perhaps for future uses in a different direction. And now she pursued her path of deceitful intrigue

"The story which Carlos gave—very reluctantly—" she told Adora, "was that you allowed yourself to be left behind by your friends in order that you should be compromised by Carlos and so he would be forced into marrying you."

"He actually told you that?"

Adora could, however, only believe it true. For if Carlos had betrayed to this girl the fact that they really were not married, if he were base enough for that—then he was base enough to tell any lie to shield himself. Meantime Conchita confirmed her statement.

"I have said so. And why should Carlos lie to me, his promised wife?" she demanded

"It is not, in any case, true!" Adora asserted with a little gesture of pride. "I was trapped here and Don Carlos was in the conspiracy to trap me, although he has all along denied that. But—I know it now. As for the rest, he has lied. Why should I ever conceive such a preposterous thing as to try and compromise myself with him? What on earth would I gain by it?"

"Gain?" Conchita's eyes flashed. "What any other girl would sell her soul to gain. Carlos himself and his name, one of the noblest in Spain, to say nothing of his immense wealth!"

"Believe me, you are entirely wrong," said Adora coldly. "I knew nothing about his wealth or his rank or anything when I came here. I hadn't the slightest interest in him. If anything, I hated him. It is quite true that I am not married to him. But all the rest he has told you—it is a pack of lies, and I shall tell him so in your presence when he comes back."

"One minute, sweet Adora . . ."

It was Luiz who interrupted, speaking again for the first time since these disclosures began. Neither he nor Conchita wished anything said to Don Carlos, as was natural. Luiz had listened while his sister had spun her web of intrigue, and he realized that Adora must, at all costs, be kept from any open breach with Carlos.

"I wonder what good you think you would do by saying anything at all to Carlos?" he asked insinuatingly. "My sister and I are your friends. Do let us advise you on this. Of course, Conchita was entirely wrong to break her promise to Carlos. If he knew she had done so, it would cause bad feeling between her and him, without doing anyone any good. Don't you see that?"

"I ought to have held my tongue, I know . . ."

Conchita, a consummate little actress, had brought tears to her fine, dark eyes as she sank into a deep chair and hid her face

"I couldn't help but speak!" she sobbed. "Carlos has been so miserable and distressed in secret. He loves me, just as I love him. He was afraid he had lost my love. He—just had to let me into the secret, for fear of losing me, don't you understand?"

Adora's heart was heavy as lead. She sat there with unseeing eyes, with a mind torn by distress—real distress, too deep for tears. All her hopes had vanished. Life offered her nothing now. She could quite see that argument with Carlos would be of no avail. She was indeed too proud to argue

"I understand," she said. "And—perhaps you are right. No good could be done by saying anything to Don Carlos. I shall not speak. He will not know from me that you have betrayed his confidence. The only thing is . . . the sooner I get away from here, the better. But how . . . ?"

"Let us talk of such things later, sweet Adora!" intervened Luiz in his soft voice by her side. "All this has been very distressing for all of us. If, as you say, Carlos is indeed to blame for

(Continued on Page 14)

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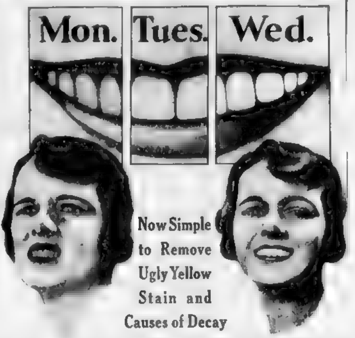

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Just do this: Morning and night, give teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH with a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush.

Then note the day-to-day improvement. Very soon teeth look cleaner and whiter than in years. Gums feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth and breath are sweet and fresh. Here's the reason.

Kolynos is unique. It succeeds where ordinary preparations fail because it becomes an antiseptic foam the very moment it enters the mouth. This foam gets into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath, defy ordinary toothpastes and cause most tooth and gum troubles—190 million are killed in the first 15 seconds.

Gently this exhilarating, antiseptic foam bathes the teeth and gums—erases tartar and the mucoid coat—stimulates the gums—purifies the oral cavity—CLEANS TEETH AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL, NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY!

Thus stain and ugly yellow are removed. Decay is prevented. Teeth are kept sound and gleaming white. And gums are safeguarded against insidious disease.

Try the Kolynos Dry Brush Technique. Start giving teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH morning and night. You'll be glad you did. Teeth will be whiter than ever. Gums firmer and healthier. The mouth tingling with a clean, fresh taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

His eagerness suddenly turned to coolness

Men danced with her *just once*

'B.O.' killed her popularity until . . .
(Body Odor)

THEIR first dance. And he vowed inwardly it would be their *last*. She was pretty, danced beautifully, but one thing spoiled it all. The last thing you'd ever suspect in a girl who *looked* so dainty!

Of course she didn't realize she was letting "B.O."—*body odor*—offend. She was horrified when another girl finally blurted out the truth. But she took the friendly warning—adopted a simple safeguard . . . Now she's popular with everyone, a favorite partner. She knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

No excuse for "B. O."—even in hot weather

Naturally we perspire more in hot weather—the danger of "B.O." is greater. We may not notice it in ourselves—*others do!* But with Lifebuoy to safeguard us, we need *never* offend.

Lifebuoy gives an abundance of rich, creamy, antiseptic lather—even in hardest water. It penetrates pores—removes all odor—keeps the body fresh and sweet. The favorite toilet soap of millions of particular men and women. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Complexions grow lovelier

Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy—that's the quick, easy way to a good complexion, say women everywhere. Its bland, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores—gently frees them of clogged impurities—makes dull skins glow with fresh, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
—stops body odor—

The Countess of Kinnoull, Titled Daughter of Mrs. Meyrick, and Manager of Her Mother's Often-Raided Supper and Dance Resorts, Reveals Episodes Behind the Scenes With the Rich and Fashionable Patrons

Secrets

The Baronet's wife suddenly came upon her husband and his woman companion as they were leaving the night club on their way to the Baronet's parked automobile.

"I've caught you at last!" cried the outraged wife, and, turning to the woman, said: "I shall put you in your place in the divorce court!"

NEXT to Her Majesty the Queen, perhaps no woman's name is better known in London than Mrs. Kate Meyrick, proprietor of several famous night clubs, and who has three times served a prison term for defying the law of serving liquor and keeping open after hours.

And while the illustrious mother was in her prison seclusion, Miss May Meyrick, her daughter, managed the clubs.

In these most exciting meeting grounds of the upper circles and the underworld, where champagne splashes the walls and there is enough ice in the cocktail shakers to take care of a fever hospital, Miss May met and soon married Lord Kinnoull. Thus the Night Club Queen's daughter became a member of the British Peerage; indeed, another daughter, Miss Dorothy Meyrick, also married a Peer, Lord de Clifford.

"Lady May," the Countess of Kinnoull, has lived in the artificial glitter of night club life ever since she graduated from fashionable Roedean School, and knows everybody of wealth and title in and out of England. She has met the best and the worst of people, and has watched the ebb and flow of life and the whirlpools of intrigue, dissipation and scandal which sometimes cast the victims into the divorce courts, financial ruin or a suicide's grave.

The Countess of Kinnoull now draws aside the curtain of secrecy and reveals many extraordinary incidents in the famous night clubs owned and managed by Mrs. Meyrick and herself.

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull

Who Also Bears the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin, Baroness Hay of Kinfauns, Baroness Hay of Balhousie and Baroness Hay of Pedwardine.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

THE girl who is a professional dancing partner in a London night club has to be a "gold-digger."

To dig she must use the right implements. Her looks, her figure, her expression, and—her wits. Those implements must be kept bright and shining, and they must be keen and well-tempered.

You are not to imagine that all these girls are blood-sucking harpies. I am going to show you how much they differ, how utterly contradictory they can be at times in their outlook toward men. At one moment you will find these alluring sirens, dressed always in the height of fashion, like some shrewd pedler appraising the wares he has to offer, and surveying with cold analysis the probable buyer, and carefully weighing up just how far he can go in extracting the last limit in price.

At another moment you will discover in them the most unexpected and incomprehensible softness, a kind of mother instinct toward some man, quite irrespective of his age or station in life.

At a club like the famous "43" there will usually be about twelve to fifteen girl professional dancing partners. Some of them have been show girls, or chorus girls, who have left the stage because they have no talent for it or because they hate the routine of rehearsals and of being under discipline as to time. Others have found, on leaving school, that they have no special training, and that their only qualifications are good looks, an attractive figure, and an ability for ballroom dancing.

Then, as I shall show you by actual instances among our girls, there are some who have been let down by a man, and who find themselves forced to get their own living. The idea of doing anything very bad is shocking to them, but equally distasteful is the idea of working in a shop or an office, because of the regularity of hours.

Most girl dancing partners in night clubs are part lazy, I must say that. If they can come by money and extract it from men's pockets—and not infrequently from women's purses—merely by exercising their feminine wiles, they prefer to do so.

In some clubs they are paid a nominal salary of $5 a week. Whatever else they make is entirely up to themselves. They get a commission from the club on the champagne which they persuade their men partners to buy at $7 to $10 a bottle; on "favors," such as dolls, powder puffs and "mascots" at $10 each, and on boxes of chocolates at $7.50 to $10. Those commissions and their "fees" are their living.

In some New York night clubs I am told champagne costs $50 a bottle—and is not real champagne even at that.

At clubs such as any of my mother's, it would be nothing unusual for a girl who was pretty and had a pleasing personality to average $150 to $200 a week, though today, in London, much less money is being spent on luxuries. Those girls are among the luxuries of life, though a certain type of man seems to find them necessities.

I have known lots of cases where a wealthy man, usually elderly, has given a girl $100 for dancing with him for a few hours, while his bill would amount to $50 or $75, out of which the girl's commission might be $10 to $20.

I mentioned, in an earlier chapter, Douglas Potts, the Cambridge undergraduate, who shot his tutor, a detective and himself in a room at the University, after having led a most hectic life in the West End of London.

Now Madge Miller, who gave evidence in the case, and who was one of our dancing partners at our "43 Club," was one of those who showed she had, under a frivolous care-for-nothing exterior, a heart of gold.

Potts had spent every sou of his never very plentiful money in "cutting a dash" in the life of London's West End. He had bought a certain measure of cheap popularity by spending money on people he thought highly placed in society. He had spent money also on Madge Miller.

Madge was, and still is, a very pretty brunette, in the twenties. She came to Mother one day and asked for a job as a dancing instructress, as the professional partners call themselves, and my mother engaged her because she liked the girl's looks.

To the average man with whom she danced at the "43," Madge Miller was as much of a gold-digger as any other. She was out to make as much as she could, but that was what she came to the club for.

Potts danced with her almost exclusively. For weeks he came down at intervals. Then, when he found himself "broke," and with debts looming up ahead of him like big black clouds, he gave way to despair. He drank each night more heavily than the one before it, as if the waters of Lethe were contained in the glasses from which he swallowed.

Mrs. Kate Meyrick, Known as London's Night Club Queen, and Mother of the Countess of Kinnoull.

And Madge looked on in pity. There was little she could do. As a dancing partner hers was not the duty of preaching sermons or reading lectures to errant youths. Laughter, wine, song and dance were part of her stock-in-trade, and she could vend these wares with the best and the rest of them.

And when Douglas Potts, no longer the spendthrift Cambridge undergraduate, no more the youth who had "found his feet," and whose ambitions had swelled daily, crawled to her flat in Shaftesbury avenue, crushed, broken, a pitiful would-be-suicide, Madge Miller did not go back on him because he was penniless.

She took him in and fed him. And when she had fed him, she reasoned with him, She became a woman in her own little apartment, trying to instill sanity into this foolish youth.

He brandished a revolver and shouted:

"I am going to use this on myself."

"You will not," cried Madge. "Not while I can stop you. Give me the weapon." And by sheer force of will she made him give it up.

She housed him that night, the last night he ever visited the "43 Club." It was the night before the double murder and suicide. In the morning she gave him breakfast, and then she went to her bag and handed him $5 for his fare to Cambridge and for cigarettes.

"Promise me, Douglas, you will go back to your college and forget all this nonsense about shooting yourself. Work hard and come and see me when you feel you can afford it. Promise . . ."

Potts promised.

But not until he had left to get his train at Liverpool Street Station, for Cambridge, did Madge Miller know that the promise was not to be kept. Then she went to the place where she had hidden the revolver the night before and—found it gone. It was with that weapon that Potts fired those fatal shots as he was about to be arrested.

There was a girl—she would be about twenty-one — who came one evening to the door of the "43 Club" and asked:

"Could I see Mrs. Meyrick, please?"

The porter told Mother, who instructed him to send the girl in.

As soon as she spoke Mother recognized the girl's good breeding. I might mention just here that it is amusing how all our girls used to pretend that they belonged to very highly placed families, and would often remark to their partners:

"Of course you don't know who I really am," with an air that suggested they had come down very much in the world.

This girl, however, who gave her name as Eileen Riordan, was obviously well-bred and well educated.

"I wondered if you could take me on as a dancing partner, Mrs. Meyrick?" she asked.

Mother considered it for a moment.

"I might," she said, "but you understand the hours are late and the work is sometimes difficult. Do you think you would be suited for this kind of thing?"

"There's nothing else I can see I am suited for," said the girl. "I do wish you'd let me try." And so Mother agreed she should start next evening.

It was not until Eileen Riordan left the club, more than a year later, that we knew her real story.

She had married an Irish barrister when she was about nineteen. It had been a real love match, but, as it was against the wishes of the young man's parents, they had thrown him out of the family without any money. I daresay you know how terribly hard it is for a young lawyer to live during his first years in practice, unless he has a private income. That is, even as a bachelor. But now that he had married, the young Irishman found it impossible to keep Eileen and himelf.

Eileen had never been trained to any kind of work. But she was very pretty, with a beautiful figure, and she danced well. So she made up her mind she would use the only talents and assets she had, and become a professional dancing partner in a night club. She had come to the "43" because she had heard that our girls made more money than at any other club.

For two years Eileen kept herself and her husband while he looked around for briefs that were slow to come in. Although some of the other girls did not like her very much—they felt she was better bred than they were, and they spoke of her as "up stage and country"—the men visitors to the "43" were very keen to dance with her. She managed always to appear gay, and I think it was because she had a definite object in view, which was to take home the money she made to keep the tiny flat going, that she never seemed to look bored as some of the girls do at times.

Eileen must have averaged about $75 a week, and now and then some wealthy man would give her a $25 or $50 bill as an "extra present." There were times, of course, when Eileen found matters a little difficult. A professional dancing girl in a night club can hardly say to a man who proposes "to run her out into the country in his car" at two o'clock in the morning that "she is very sorry, but she doesn't think her husband would approve."

The men who go to night clubs do so to enjoy themselves in every sense of the word. Their idea is that so long as they are prepared to pay the piper they can call the tune. The tune they expect of dancing partners is sometimes a very hectic, jazzy one indeed. But Eileen had plenty of tact. Her men admirers came back to her again and again, and yet she managed to keep them at arm's length sufficiently to go home alone direct from the club, sometimes at three, sometimes as late as five-thirty in the morning.

Curiously enough, it was the very fact of her being at the "43 Club" that gave her husband his first case. There was a stoutish, bald-headed man, who used to come to the club pretty regularly, who had taken a great fancy to Eileen. He danced with her more often than with any of the other girls, and, as is part of the "etiquette" among the dancing partners, he came to be known as one of Eileen's clients, not to be sought after by any of the others.

One night, sitting down with her at a table, and with his second bottle of champagne in front of him, he told Eileen he didn't feel very cheery.

"I noticed you weren't looking quite your usual bright self," I heard Eileen say to him, for I was at a table nearby. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, something a little lady like you wouldn't understand. A business affair. It'll mean a law-

f London's Most Notorious Night Club

At that moment the door of the Baronet's car flew open, out stepped a radiant vision of young womanhood. Walk- up to the Baronet's excited wife, she said: "Haven't you made a mistake? It is I who am with your and. Not in any funny way—just that he offered to drive s far as the door of my flat."

"Dorothy," One of the Most Popular Dance Instructresses of the "43 Club."

Group of Dancing Partners at the Famous "43 Club," London, Some of Whom Are Referred To in This Chapter.

t, and I hate lawsuits like poison," he said. fact I've had a bit of a row with my solicitors f the counsel they wanted to brief and now got to find a decent barrister to take up the ."

Eileen was not slow to weigh up the situa-

"If I told you I know a young barrister who's ully clever would you consider giving him a ce at the case?"

The stout man looked very hard at her. hough he was a happy-go-lucky soul, who nt his money freely and generously at the Club," it was only because he was a shrewd iness man that he was able to have the money spend.

"Someone you know well?" he asked.

"Very well," said Eileen. "My husband, in ct."

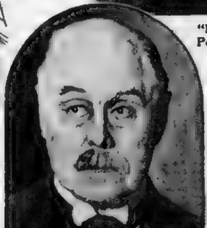
The man stared. The idea of a barrister with wife who was a dancing partner in a night club med to him extraordinary; in fact, rather sus-ious. But he had grown to like Eileen very ch, and he asked her to "tell him all about it." e did, very frankly. In the end the city busi-s man decided to have a talk with her hus-d, and the result was that he was "briefed" the case as junior counsel.

Today Eileen's husband is regarded as the ding junior counsel in England as the outcome the case that gave him his start, and he is ked of as a man who, when it comes "to take " later—that is to say, becomes a K. C. or 's Counsel—will very likely be another Lord nhead.

w here is another case of a dancing part- the "43," with a husband, but on rather nt lines.

e cause celebre, which has just come before ld Bailey, London, or Central Criminal , as it is officially called, in which a man ed Henry Grayson was charged with com-ing perjury in a divorce action which he ght last Spring against his wife, naming Sir y Sebright as co-respondent, really began at r Broadway Club. For Mrs. Grayson, at seven-n years of age, became one of our dancing rtners and met Sir Guy Sebright at the Broad-y Club.

Grayson alleged, in his divorce action, that Guy Sebright, who is a land-owner and very ll known in London society, had led his wife ray, and a decree nisi was granted, with dam-es and costs against Sir Guy Sebright. But in gland, when a decree of divorce is pronounced, parties must wait six months before it is made absolute. During those six months an official, known as the King's Proctor, whose duty it is to see that no collusion between husband and wife has taken place, makes inquiries. In this case the inquiries showed that Grayson, whom my husband and I have known as a sheer adventurer, was quite well aware of the relations between Sir Guy Sebright and Mrs. Grayson.



Sir Guy Sebright, Who Was Entangled in an Unpleasant Notoriety Through His Night Club Acquaintance.

It was as Joy Parnell, a tall, auburn-haired girl of seventeen, that Mrs. Grayson, as she became, started as a dance instructress at our Broadway Club somewhere about 1922. She was really a beautiful girl, with plenty of what Elinor Glyn comically described as "IT." Joy Parnell —I still think of her by that name—is still beautiful.

She proved an immediate success on her job. Girls of her type usually do. They know how to flatter the middle-aged "tired business man," and, in an atmosphere of perfumes, expensive cigarettes, jazz music, wines and general exotic appearances, they can transform a hard-dealing, steely-brained financier into a wax-like, plastic dodderer, who can be moulded into whatever form the girls wish. Youths, unless of very monied and callow type, rarely fall heavily for those girls in my observation.

To the Broadway Club came Sir Guy Sebright, a genial old gentleman of excellent family and possessed of quite a lot of money and getting on in years. I believe he is now somewhere approaching seventy.

If I say that I know so very well that there is no fool like an old fool, I am not exactly calling Sir Guy Sebright on old fool. But his actions in this Grayson divorce and perjury case have shown him to be something very near it.

Sir Guy soon showed a marked preference for Joy Parnell. Whether it was youth attracting old age, or whether it was just the charm of this Titian-haired dance instructress, I don't know. Anyhow, Sir Guy fell head over ears in infatuation for her. Joy was only a dancing partner at the Broadway on and off. She went on the stage and appeared in a show at the London Hippodrome, and then, like most other professional dancing partners, she would return to my mother's club again.

There came a time when Sir Guy Sebright took a flat for her, and he installed her there as mistress of it—and himself.

Now Grayson had come to the Broadway and also to the "43" at times. I saw him on several occasions. A man of fairly good looks, fair, keen features and with a look of breeding about him. He is, as a matter of fact, an English public schoolboy, and belongs to quite a good family. But we soon got to know him as a man who lived by his wits, or, perhaps, I ought to say, the lack of them in other people.

I never knew what his relations were with Joy Parnell at the time, but eventually they got married. Honestly, I can't think why she, a girl full of attraction and with any number of worthwhile men at her feet, ever did marry Grayson. But then one never does know how half the marriages in the world ever came about.

Sir Guy Sebright kept coming to the Broadway Club regularly, and always to dance with the auburn-haired young girl with whom recently his name was coupled in both the civil and the criminal courts. Joy had a very ingenuous air, with big open eyes and an innocent expression, just the type to appeal to an elderly man.

Then she disappeared almost entirely from club life. She went to live in the flat which Sir Guy had taken for her. As has now been proved, however, when Sir Guy was not there her husband shared the flat for which her elderly lover paid. When Sir Guy came to see her Grayson quickly made himself scarce and hid himself in the kitchen or else went out of the flat.

There came a time when Grayson found himself very hard pressed for money. He was a man who, so far as we knew him, never did any work. So he hit on the scheme of compromising his wife's lover and catching him "in flagrante delicto." It was arranged that Sir Guy should be in the flat in such circumstances as would leave no doubt about the intimacy, and then that Grayson should burst in on them and catch his wife and Sir Guy together. Then he would sue for divorce and for substantial damages.

It all worked according to the programme. The "outraged husband," according to the evidence in the divorce courts, said that he had gone to the flat in a taxi to fetch something, and had forced his way in to find his wife, Joy Parnell, the former dance instructress at the Broadway Club, in the arms of Sir Guy Sebright.

"I was horrified and surprised," Grayson told the Court. And he went on to swear to this and that, to show that he had never even suspected anything wrong between his wife and Sir Guy.

But the King's Proctor got keenly on the scent, and he soon found evidence that the whole affair was a put-up job on Grayson's part. The Director of Public Prosecutions was consulted, and so Grayson was arrested for perjury. He came before the Magistrate at Bow Street Police Court in December last, and was sent for trial at the Old Bailey, where he was convicted and sentenced to three years in prison.

Girl dancing partners at smart clubs in London are often asked by a party of guests to join them at their table. All the girls, of course, dress extremely well, and they have to know how to behave so that they can join any company without being out of place. Sometimes, indeed, a dancing partner may be asked to go to a private dance in a big Mayfair mansion.

A party of people would come to one or other of our clubs with possibly one man odd. He would find a professional dancing partner and invite her to join the party. At the end of the evening, when they were about to depart, the girl was paid her fee, varying in such cases from $5 to $25, according to the generosity and mood of the man with whom she had danced.

It was in such circumstances that I saw the beginning of what proved to be an amusing society scandal, in which a young peer, his wife and one of our dancing partners were involved.

The young peer married, at the age of twenty-two, a girl of his own station and also about his age. For a year or so they were happy together. A baby son and heir was born, but he died in infancy, and that seemed to be the beginning of a rift between the young Earl and Countess.

The young couple were both very fond of dancing, and they frequented night clubs a great deal, chiefly my mother's places. It was at our Manhattan Club one evening that the Countess met a man with whom she became very much infatuated at first sight. But the Earl was rather in the way. She could not very well flout her affection for her new male acquaintance right in front of his very eyes. So she hit on a plan.

She left the party at the table and went to the ladies' cloakroom, where she espied a very pretty dancing partner.

"Listen, my dear," said the young Countess to the dance instructress, "I would like you to join our party. I want you to dance with my husband, and I would also like you to flirt with him and engage his attention. I will give you $50."

The dance instructress was a little bit surprised for a moment at this request, but dancing partners are never surprised at any thing for long. She agreed to the arrangement and went into the ballroom with the young Countess, and was duly installed as one of the party. Then the girl, whose name was Betty, promptly set about her job of fascinating the Earl. It was not a very difficult task, for the young peer was very susceptible to pretty women. So Betty and he danced together, and before long they had become exceedingly friendly. The Earl, in fact, got so bound up in Betty's charms that it was some little time before he noticed that his wife had left the ballroom. So had her new admirer.

He inquired of the head waiter whether anyone had seen his wife leave, and he was then informed that she had gone out of the club altogether, having remarked that she "had a bad headache and was going home."

The Earl didn't worry much. To his naturally happy-go-lucky disposition was added the attraction of Betty, who had not only received her $50, but had been invited by the young peer to have champagne and chocolates, on which she would later draw her commission. So the two danced on till at four-thirty they had breakfast together.

Now this young Earl was a very keen motorist and aviator, and when he mentioned to Betty that he had an airplane of his own she was very thrilled.

"Oh, would you take me up, please?" she begged him.

"Certainly," said the Earl, who by this time would have given her the moon, let alone fly to it.

"When?" said Betty.

"No time like the present," he said. "Let's go off now. I'll go home and change, and I'll meet you in an hour at your address. Put on warm

Continued on Page 21

Lava Love — by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 11)

your being here—well, one cannot be angry with him. Even Conchita admits that. Your beauty is too irresistible.

Adora listened with ears which scarcely heard. She found that Conchita, drying her crocodile-tears, had left the room, leaving behind her just that sense of sincerity which it had been her intention to create. But of this Adora knew nothing. She only considered the picture painted of Don Carlos, compared it with the attitude he himself had adopted towards her since the arrival of his Spanish friends. She remembered that he had been almost negligent of her.

He had possibly, as Luiz now suggested, been dazzled by that fatal loveliness of hers. He had certainly offered her marriage; but that was only when he knew quite well she would refuse. He had said to her not a word on that subject since Conchita had arrived. Obviously, he had gone back to his first love in Conchita, so that the passion he had displayed towards Adora had only been that of the flesh.

Adora was only glad that still she was pure and unsullied, and that she knew the truth before it had been too late. Her heart was broken, and never might be mended again. But if Conchita was indeed Carlos' true love, and he would be happy with her, that mattered most to Adora.

Meantime, with an arm thrown round her on the couch, Luiz talked to her in a brotherly fashion which soothed her a little. He knew far too well to betray his real feelings for her just now, that the worst thing he could possibly do was to press himself upon her at this moment.

So he set himself very artfully to seek her confidence. He talked about himself as a brother might talk, and about herself as someone who sadly needed a friend. Presently she found herself discussing with him quite frankly how best she could get away from Carlos and return to England. He promised her his help.

"You cannot very well leave until Conchita and I bring our visit to a close, Adora mia," he urged upon her. "And then—well, we will arrange some plan. The best thing will be for you to come over to the mainland to our place, once you do leave—say a few hours after we have left. We will arrange it somehow . . ."

And here there appeared on the veranda Carlos himself, so all further discussion of that subject had to be reserved till later. The sight of him hurt Adora incalculably. She had here a foretaste of the suffering which must eternally be hers. And yet, in her moments of pride, when the spirit of the old Adora returned to her, she asked herself—why all this useless heartburn and misery?

He could not be worth it all. The mere fact that he had betrayed to Conchita her unmarried state alone branded him as dishonorable. And still worse was the lying story behind which he had seemingly screened himself to put himself right with the girl he did apparently intend to marry. So—why should Adora torture herself with further thought of him?

Don Carlos himself, beyond inquiring after her health in front of the others most assiduously, showed no desire for private conversation with her, beyond remarking rather humorously when they were alone for a minute that no doubt she was finding the company of Luiz very attractive.

"Of course he's in love with you!" chuckled Don Carlos, pinching gently one of her little ears. "I suppose he wishes you were not my wife. If he knew the truth . . ." He hesitated for a moment, looking down at her before he spoke again.

"He is much more your age than I am. He is quite a nice boy. If you had the chance, would you listen to his wooing?"

"I like him very much," responded Adora merely, and suddenly decided to be more emphatic than that. "Indeed," she added, "it is rather a pity I'm in this unfortunate position, supposed to be your wife, when I'm really not so at all, and he can't be told."

She waited, half in the hope that Don Carlos would confess to having told Conchita the truth. But he did not. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

"For your own sake, he can't be told," he said. "And so—I should not lead the poor boy on too much, querida. It will hurt him, and not look too well on your part."

Carlos turned to leave the room, and the house. He had only returned to snatch an evening meal and to go back afterwards with some medicine to his neighbor's sick bed. Went, did Carlos, without kissing her, flagrantly now offering her no sign of affection, no doubt preparing the way so that, when the two Mendez' visit ended and they were gone, he could break to her the news that he was marrying Conchita.

Adora went wearily to bed, heart-hungered, tragic. For even the armor of her pride was not faultless. There was a chink in the armor through which the sword-blade of love had her poor heart at its mercy. Despite her pride, she sobbed herself to sleep that night. And, in her sleep, she dreamed of love—and Carlos. Dreamed that he was not faithless, that he loved her and was telling her so . . .

Adora wakened suddenly to the sound of a man's whisper. It came close to her ear. There was the feeling of a man's hand caressing her. From a distant window a shaft of moonlight flooded a part of the room and faintly touched the bed. And here she saw a man's shape, hunched and kneeling, whispering her name tenderly. Instinctively, she whispered back, eager, amazed:

"It really is you at last, Carlos?"

"Carlos?" The whisper became derisive immediately. "Not Carlos—but Luiz, querida."

"Luiz. . ." Adora sat upright in bed and shrank away from that hunched shape. She whispered frenziedly, "What are you doing in my room? You must go at once. How dare you come in here?"

"Dare?" he whispered back, trying to enfold her in eager arms. "Why should I not dare. I love you. I want you for my own."

"You must go away at once. Supposing Carlos found you here?"

"Carlos?" he derided. "Carlos is not back yet, anyhow. He told me that he might not be back at all till day-break. And what does he matter? He does not love you as I do. I am as much entitled to you as he is, seeing that you are not his wife."

"Luiz . . ." Adora, struggling in his embrace, tried to reason with this ardent youth, whose passion-swept and handsome face was outlined by the moon so close to hers that his hot breath fanned her scorchingly.

"Luiz . . ." she repeated. "You must leave me at once. I don't love you. I love Carlos, in spite of everything. If you are the friend to him you profess to be, you must feel shame to have come here at this hour in his house—"

"I feel no shame. Why should I?"

"None at all—for me?" she whispered frenziedly, trying to beat off his caressing hands, his eager lips.

"Why should I? You have been living here alone with him in this house. You haven't thought that shameful."

"Because Carlos has behaved like an honorable man. He has never once treated me as you are trying to do—"

"And you think I believe that—of Carlos? I know him too well. Why, he couldn't resist you, any more than I can. And I am not going to be denied my share of your love—"

"Love? I hate you when you talk like that, behave like this. Leave me at once, Luiz, or I'll scream for help."

"Scream, will you, sweet one?"

He pressed his lips to hers before she could protect herself, and his kisses all but stifled her, leaving her no breath at all with which to carry out her threat. He held her body so tightly that she was utterly helpless. She felt that she was about to faint.

Still, she struggled, panting and wriggling in his arms, seeking to escape his mouth and that seemingly endless kiss, growing weaker and more faint every moment. And then. . . .

She became aware that Luiz had been snatched away from her. She heard a voice, the voice of Carlos; somber and menacing:

"So this is what happens when my back turned? This is how my honor and my hospitality are abused? You, Luiz—my so-called friend! You, Adora, to whom I have given my honorable name.

CHAPTER XVI.

Blighted Faith.

IT was Luiz who answered first, forced to do so because it was he whom Don Carlos confronted with clenched hands and a face livid in the moonsheen. Don Carlos was holding himself in restraint, Adora could see, and the effort was causing him difficulty. Meantime Luiz spoke a little shakily and under his breath.

"What are honor and hospitality when a woman leads a man on?" he questioned, his young face twisted with cynicism. Don Carlos laughed contemptuously.

"The old story of Adam in the Garden of Eden, I suppose? 'The woman tempted me, and I did eat—'"

"That's the whole truth of it, Carlos!" insisted Luiz.

"There is no truth whatever in that, Carlos!" insisted Adora in turn emphatically.

She had slipped from the bed, flung a silken kimono around her and stood there—white and crimson—in the moonlight, barefooted, her body quivering like a slender sword of steel, on her defense.

"Luiz is lying," she said slowly. "He came in here without my knowledge, and insisted on staying here against my will. You must surely know that, Carlos. I am all bruised and hurt on my arms where I have been struggling against him."

"Whichever may be the truth matters little for the minute beyond this," Don Carlos said coldly, ignoring Adora, expressing himself to the other man.

"You have cut at the root of

(Continued on Page 16)

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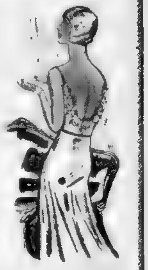

Even twenty-one looks old, jaded, sallow, if poisons collect in the body. But where there's internal cleanliness, *forty* can be young!

Think of the girls you know who are "*almost* good-looking." What keeps their skin cloudy, their eyes dull, their brains slow? What spoils their fun? Just this: They neglect *internal cleanliness!* It shows in the way they look, in everything they do.

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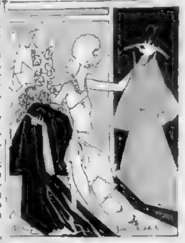

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DOROTHY DIX *says*

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"COLOR—what a magical power it has! Why don't all girls understand it?

"The right colors in a frock can heighten immeasurably a girl's beauty of eyes, hair and skin—make her whole personality glow and sparkle. Like the glamorous footlights of the stage, color in dress LIGHTS YOU UP! Helps you to put yourself across.

"Don't be a dim bulb (to use a phrase I've borrowed from the boys). It's so easy to charm if you do 2 things:

1. Choose the colors becoming to YOU.
2. Always keep them fresh and vibrant with life.

"Fading—even slight fading—robs a color of its power to thrill; it's like a lovely tune just *slightly* off key! And then, too, even a little change in a shade may make it WRONG FOR YOU. (Think how easily an exciting chartreuse can become a bilious yellow).

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"There is just one way I know of to be SURE that colors DON'T fade. That is, to wash them only in Lux.

"*Lux is made especially to preserve color.* Ordinary 'good' soaps clean, but take away some color pigment. Lux cleanses beautifully, yet leaves the most delicate color singingly ALIVE and TRUE in tone.

"AT HOME, too—let color add glamour to you! Color in draperies, slip covers, even in table linens, all helps the magic spell—if kept fresh and lovely with Lux." DOROTHY DIX

How to Keep Colors Appealingly Lovely

(Right) Lovely yellow and black printed silk washed 8 times in Lux. The color is fresh and sunshiny as new. No fading or blurring of the pattern. All its sparkle and appealing charm retained!

(Left) Duplicate silk washed 8 times in ordinary "good" soap. Faded and streaked—the brilliance and glow of the color lost. No longer lovely!

Any color safe in water alone is just as safe in LUX

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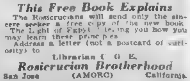

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NEW AND CORRECT FOR THE SEASON OF SUNSHINY DAYS AND MOONLIGHT NIGHTS

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Realsilk has long thought, and our Fashion Committee emphatically agrees with us, that no hosiery has had the shimmery, sunshiny feeling in keeping with other summer styles.

So we've developed hosiery that does!

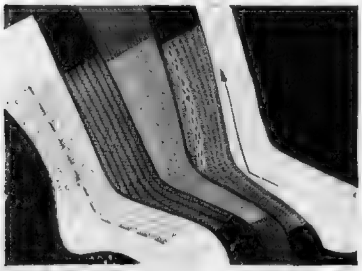
The new Realsilk stockings for summer are lighter in weight . . . marvelously sheer. They provide the perfect hosiery complement for bright, light, hot weather clothes; for exotic evening party gowns, for chic sports, street or afternoon modes of summer.

Style and color rightness are assured by Realsilk's own Fashion Committee, whose high position in the world of style is unquestioned. Members of the committee are: Lucien Lelong, foremost Parisian designer, Lynn Fontanne, America's best-dressed actress, Neysa McMein, whose illustrations of fashionable women are world-renowned, and Katherine Harford, stylist, formerly with Harper's *Bazaar*—all permanently retained as members of the Realsilk staff.

Within the next few days the Realsilk Representative will call to show you the new Summer Hosiery. We cordially invite you to see it—for we know you'll be enthusiastic, too, about Realsilk's new idea.

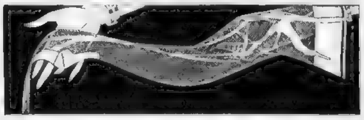
Summer Hosiery is another tribute to Realsilk's *different* method of selling. Through selling only in home or office, Realsilk has built up direct contact with millions of men and women. Realsilk learns as it sells—finds out what customers want and don't want—and is always ready *first* with the newest developments in hosiery.

MEN—HERE ARE YOUR SUMMER SOCKS

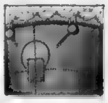


Socks like these you'll see well-dressed men everywhere wearing when the days are at their longest—and hottest—and for evening, too. The famous Realsilk exclusive features of wear are found in them: six-ply toe and high-spliced heel, 2-ply sole, and the longest silk leg found in any sock, in a beautiful selection of light, cool fabrics and patterns. Left to right, *Arctic, Tundra, Sandtone, Greytone* and *Polar.*

"Definitely THE types for Summer are a new mesh and the sheerest of sheer chiffons," says our Fashion Committee. . . . The new Realsilk Mesh (illustrated below) gives that subtle "webby" appearance so smart with the vivid contrasting colors of the 1931 summer ensembles. Complete range of summer shades. . . . The other, *the sheerest chiffon Realsilk ever made*—is seamed "wrong-side-out," which gives a much sheerer, duller, more slenderizing effect. It is available in eight intriguing colors, including the very, very new "Off-White."* (Ask to see Styles 39N and 84.)



ILLUSTRATED ABOVE—THE CHIC NEW MESH HOSIERY



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Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 14)

our friendship, Luiz. You have committed an unforgivable sin. To eat a man's salt and—behind his back—to intrigue for the affections of his wife—"

"Wife?" Luiz flung out that word with doubt and scorn. He had foreseen the use of that word, sooner or later. He was quick cunningly to take advantage of the real truth so that his knowledge of it should take a new form.

"If she had been your wife, Carlos," he said with a little shrug of insolence, "this would not have happened. But—according to her own confession to me—she is not your wife at all."

"She—she confessed that to you?" Don Carlos uttered that question in blank amazement, turning to stare at Adora, who in turn regarded him with accusing eyes, not even waiting for the question trembling on his lips, demanding her confirmation of this fact

"What else was I to do when you already had given away the truth to Conchita?" she asked simply. Don Carlos ran the strong white fingers of his right hand through his dark hair as if frankly puzzled

"I have never said a word to Conchita to convey that impression," he said. "I do not know in the least, Adora, what you mean"

"No more do I!" interposed Luiz. "Excepting that she is afraid now the truth has come out, and is trying to shift the blame on to you. Ask Conchita and she'll tell you, Carlos, that this one"—he pointed across to Adora—"told me she was not your wife—told me in Conchita's presence. She said she was here against her will Why, she even arranged that, when Conchita and I finished our visit here, I should return and help her to escape to the mainland."

Adora listened to this garbled version of the truth with astonished ears, realizing now that she had earlier been duped, that Carlos had not given her away, and that now Luiz was using her natural confession as a weapon against her. It was a question as to whom Carlos would believe. It was a case of her word against the combined evidence of Luiz and Conchita, who naturally would side with her brother

For the moment, as it proved, Don Carlos was loth to argue the point further. He gestured imperiously towards the open bedroom door and addressed Luiz.

"We will discuss this further in the morning," he said, and turned to Adora. "Luiz and I will leave you. Be so kind as to turn the key in your door. In the morning we shall decide what is now to happen under these new circumstances."

Left alone behind her locked door, Adora sat for a while on the bed edge, listlessly defiant, indifferent as to what happened At one moment she felt guilty for having for an instant been guiled into believing Carlos had betrayed her to Conchita. Then she would accuse him of disloyalty in seeming to accept as true the lying version of Luiz, directed against herself.

In either case, there remained one fact. The mythical marriage was finally exploded. How Luiz and his sister had discovered the truth, or guessed at it, he could not understand at all. She ceased to ask herself what the solution might be. She sat on amid the fragments of blighted faith, confronting the uncertainty of the morrow

She must in the end have slept, for the morrow greeted her weary eyes with tropic sunshine, indicating that she had slept late She dressed hurriedly, not a little nervous and anxious over meeting Carlos and the others in—as Carlos himself had said overnight—these new circumstances.

Not that she needed to feel nervous or anxious. Don Carlos was alone at the breakfast table when she joined him, and he rose at once, kissing her hand and placing a chair ready for her He showed no sign whatever of unusual emotion, discussing pleasantly the weather, which was exceptionally hot and sultry, without even a stirring breeze

"You would do well not to go out much in the sun," he told her. "The heat has upset even Conchita, accustomed to the tropics as she is, so that she is remaining in bed and having her breakfast served to her there Luiz has gone into Saranoa on his affairs and will not be back till night.

"By the way," he added as upon a sudden thought, "you will find the romantic Luiz distinctly repentant over his behavior of last night. I have talked to him very seriously. He admitted to me that really he alone was to be blamed for a serious breach of good maners, to say nothing of honor. The reason of that grave lapse, of course, lay in his discovery of the fact that you and I were not really married."

"I want to speak to you about that discovery, Carlos," Adora gathered up courage to say "I don't know how Luis learnt the truth. But I do say to you, on my honor, that he did not learn it from me. I swear it."

"And I, in turn, say that you were quite wrong if you imagined I gave the secret away," said Carlos. "Why should I? Your reputation was at stake. And besides, I had Conchita to consider How could I ask her to be a guest in my house to meet a woman living with me in an unmarried state?"

"I am none the worse for that!" Adora colored proudly "It was not my fault that I was left with you, or that she should suddenly come here and be forced to meet me—"

"We will agree on that!" he shrugged a little impatiently. "In groping about darkly to establish the grounds of fault we lose sight of the far more important results. We are now exposed, you and I In the few words I have had this morning with Conchita I have convinced her that your relations with me have been purely platonic, and that you are here only until I am able to arrange a passage for you back to England, which I presume you would prefer to the suggestion of Luiz that you should go with him to the mainland."

"Infinitely!" Adora declared proudly, surprised that Carlos should have reverted to the idea of her returning to England, which indicated that he now had no intention of marrying her.

"I am not in the least interested in Luiz," she added. "Especially after last night."

"Well, cara mia, Luiz is so repentant over that you should be forgiving. He is a mere boy, ardent and impulsive. He has not your English reserve, your cold temperament, your reluctance towards the demonstrative. . . ."

Don Carlos said this with a grim cynicism which made Adora long to tell him he was utterly wrong, that she was ablaze with love, and only needed for him to take her in his arms and let her prove to him how fond and loving she could be.

But he was intent upon her departure to England. He seemed singularly anxious to rid himself of her presence, possibly the sooner to satisfy Conchita and prepare the way for their marriage, always understood, now to become definite

"It so happens," she heard him saying, "that an English boat is due in port the day after tomorrow. The captain is known to me, a good fellow in whose charge I feel you would be perfectly safe. So perhaps you will be ready on that day to leave us?"

"Very well, Carlos. . . ." Adora spoke with an assumed coldness, but took care not to meet his eyes or to look at him. She was desperately near to tears. To stave them off she discussed ways and means.

"I have only fifteen pounds in money," she said with difficulty. "I shall need some of that when I reach London—"

"Of course. But you need not worry about money. The captain will make no charge for taking you to London. I am proposing to see also that, when you do land in London you will have much more than your own little bit of money—"

"Oh. . . . But I couldn't accept so much help from you—" Adora was protesting when he gestured her to silence.

"Pardon me. I insist. I am a wealthy man. I could not allow you to land in London without at least five hundred pounds behind you. I have more generous thought for your welfare than Diana had when she so callously left you here to whatever fate befell you. But leave everything to me."

Adora protested no more. She made up her mind, however, that she would not use a penny of his money. It was bad enough to be dependent on him for her passage home, and against that she could say nothing. And now she contemplated that voyage with a dread and a broken heart. Where once she had longed to leave Carlos, now she asked herself how life would be endurable without him.

And yet it was obvious that he was entirely in mind to be rid of her, and that therefore he could not seriously have cared for her as once he had protested. So much, Adora thought, for the love of man! A passing whim, caddish as with Nicky, violent as with Luiz, or—as with Carlos—a refined cruelty.

Carlos was now flagrant in his attentions to Conchita. And the latter, after her next meeting with Adora, was frankly delighted that no real tie existed between her and Carlos. Just as frankly she discussed with Adora the real circumstances which had brought her to his house. Conchita was now generously sympathetic. Definitely assured of Carlos for herself, she could afford to be that

"I do think you have been badly treated, cara mia," she said on the afternoon of the day before the English boat was due in port. "I never heard of such a heartless act in my life before. The woman must have been a perfect fiend, and her husband was a beast to tell all those lies about you. Still, now that you are going back to your own country, you will soon forget all about it."

And that, of course, was exactly what Adora never could do, but she did not say so to Conchita, who, on her part—a little cattish by nature—could not avoid adding a word or two concerning herself and Carlos.

"Perhaps, when we are married," she said, "Carlos will take me to Europe and we may meet once more in your beautiful London. I should like that, cara. And perhaps—one never knows—Luiz may come, too. Luiz is quite mad about you, especially since he has known you were not really married to Carlos."

Conchita, incidentially, had been told nothing about the scene between Adora and Luiz which Carlos had so fortunately interrupted. That was a buried secret. And Luiz himself, having expressed repentance very sincerely to Adora in private, had been moodily disturbed when told that Carlos was sending her home

On the evening of her last day in the house of Carlos she was sitting watching the man she loved—watching him, eyes dulled by misery, while he strolled in the moonlit garden with Conchita by his side, little knowing that Carlos was purposely playing a part, hoping that Adora would by sheer jealousy be forced to admit her love for him. But Adora was mute. And meantime Luiz came to her, serving at least to distract her thoughts from their hopless quest of happiness denied her

"Listen . . ." The voice of Luiz in her ears throbbed with emotion. "You have yet time to change this foolish plan by which you leave here tomorrow. I beg of you, loveliest, to prove to me your forgiveness of my wicked folly that night by understanding how great an agony it is to me that I should lose you in this way. I love you to distraction——"

"Luiz . . ." She laid slim fingers on his arm. "I am sorry, very sorry. I thank you for loving me so much. There was a

(Continued on Page 17)

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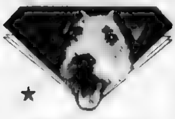

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Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat
LUCKY STRIKE "IT'S TOASTED" CIGARETTES
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Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx?—This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

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Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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WE ALL *MUST DO* SOMETHING ABOUT IT

Thanks to modern candor, we all admit today that everyone is subject to underarm perspiration odor.

And we handle the problem just as frankly and as directly as that. With MUM!

You can use Mum any time, anywhere. There are no elaborate directions to follow.

You waste no precious time. A quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the day or evening!

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of a Perfect Bath...

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"Oooh, I feel so clean and cool!—all except that prickly heat around my neck."

"Well, I scrubbed it, but it won't come off. You should have used my powder, every day! It keeps away the prickly heat—and chafing, too."

"You mean it? And you'll put some on me—quick?"

"Wait 'til we're dry. Then you'll feel my powder come sprinkling down. All cool and gentle. It's softer than any you've ever felt. It'll make you so comfortable—you won't be chafed or prickly heated ever any more!"

• • •

This thumb-and-finger test will show you an important difference in baby powders!...Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then try other baby powders. Your sense of touch will show you an important difference which the chemist sees under a microscope...

Johnson's Baby Powder is velvety soft and smooth—superlatively fine! That's because it is made from finest Italian talc, which is composed of soft, tiny flakes. But—the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles. You wouldn't want them next your baby's skin! Another important thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc. Decide wisely!

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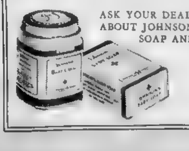


ASK YOUR DEALER ALSO ABOUT JOHNSON'S BABY SOAP AND CREAM

Johnson's Baby Powder

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 16)

time when I did not think so much of a man's love as I do now. I like to know that you feel that way for me. But—what can I do? I have no love for you."

"That will come I will make you so happy that love must come to you——"

"Luiz, it has come. But—not for you."

"Then it was true, as you said that night? You are in love with Carlos?"

"Only too true."

"And he is marrying Conchita"

"I suppose so."

"Of course. But, in spite of that, you still love him?"

"In spite of it, so long as he is happy."

"Isn't that foolish? You can't remain single because of a man who loves another girl."

"That's the way with —— women—the way with me"

"It is sheer folly. Do believe me, Adora mia, you are wrong If you let me marry you, how soon I would prove to you that you had done the right thing! Will you not give me that chance?"

"Impossible. Can't you see that? How could I be your wife, when Conchita is your sister and married to Carlos? How then could I ever forget?"

"I would make you far too happy ever to think again of Carlos."

"No. I am sorry, Luiz. I am going back to England That is the only way. I shall always think kindly of you Soon you will meet someone else——"

"Never. There is no one in this world to compare with you How can I lose you like this? I can't bear the thought. If I only could, I would go with you to your own country on that boat. Only—I can't. Won't you ever change your mind?"

"It could never change, Luiz. Please——" Adora urged him with tears in her eyes. "Do forget me, and let me forget my own misery."

He seemed to be a little touched by her tears. He took her hands in his and kissed them. He talked of other things reluctantly and with his moody eyes watching Carlos and his sister in the distance. And those eyes of his were full of hate for this man who stood between him and his desire

Presently Adora slipped away from his side and went in to bed It was not because of hate but because of unrequited love that she could no longer bear to watch the figures of Carlos and Conchita so close together and with the girl's uplifted lips so tantalizingly near to the down-bent head of Carlos.

Carlos, whose kisses had awakened Adora to love' She took that maddening thought to bed with her, lying for a long while unable to sleep on this her last night under his roof. She had only one satisfaction at all in the future life she was now facing She had still the memory of those kisses, those caressing hands, those words of endearment.

Vivid and pulsing with life they still were and always must be. They were her dreamland, the sole glimpse of paradise still allowed her, never to be taken from her. Even Conchita could not rob her of her dreams. And so presently, in the hot and windless night, she drifted into her dreamland, which had Carlos as her lord and master.

Now she was in his arms, loving him and being loved, dreaming ecstatically in her profound slumber induced by the sultry night which lay heavy over the island like some invisible blanket. Then, pervading her dreamland, came a sense of violent shock which seemed to lift her up and fling her out of Paradise neck and crop . . . She found herself suddenly to be awake.

She found herself sitting up in a bed which actually was rocking under her The walls of the house, to her amazement, made sharp, cracking noises Below her, seemingly at an immense distance, heavy noises rumbled like thunder. The stagnant air of the bedroom was full of dust, choking her. In a frenzy of fear, she leaped from the bed and staggered to the door, which she flung open

The passage was in darkness, but she heard voices. That of Carlos, answered by that of Luiz. One word bandied from one to the other

"Earthquake . . ."

And again the house shook, its walls cracking. Adora, flitting on little white feet, had only one thought in her mind, one haven of security on her tongue as she ran:

"Carlos . . . I must find Carlos . . ."

CHAPTER XVII.

Love's Haven.

WHEN Adora entered the room of Carlos, lit only by a ghostly moonlight, she found it to be empty. The open windows led onto a veranda, and outside she could hear Carlos speaking. He was evidently reassuring Conchita through the drawn chicks of her room.

"Nothing to be alarmed about, cara'" Adora could hear him saying, with a laugh. "This isn't nearly as bad as one we had a month ago. It's all over now, I expect. I should not let it keep me awake, if I were you."

Adora, reassured as well, felt ashamed to have displayed so much alarm as to have invaded his room for protection. She gathered her flimsy nightrobe about her and turned to flee back again before Carlos returned and discovered her. But, as she was reaching the door, Carlos himself came in and saw her.

"You?" he asked

"I was afraid, Carlos," she explained under her breath. "I thought the whole house was falling in."

"No . . ." He laughed softly "It is built so as to withstand possible earthquakes, Adora mia. You need not be afraid. I was just coming to reassure you, my dear. I ought to have remembered that you would be more startled even than the others."

He could see that she was ghastly white and shaking from head to foot, and he came towards her to throw an arm around her as she swayed. A wave of nausea had swept her, as it sweeps those who experience their first earth-shock. She felt dizzy and scarcely able to stand, but the feeling began to subside as his arm supported her and she was able to lean against him.

"Poor white darling. . . ." He held her close, very tenderly. "You are frightened to death. Don't fear. I should let no harm happen to you if I could help it. Because, even if you do not love me, I still love you."

"You still love—me?"

Adora stared up at him in amazement. And now all fear had fallen from her, to be replaced by the sudden strength of hope. She asked herself—could those words be really true? Did he mean them? In them, she forgot the earthquake completely. The earth, indeed, was still and silent now. Even the sultry night had grown cooler. A clamor of affrighted jungle-noises, tumultuous a few seconds since, had died down. The silence was profound, broken only by her amazed whisper.

"Do you really mean that, Carlos?"

"Of course, I mean it, sweetest Adora. I have always meant it. I love you. I shall always love you."

"But—you are marrying Conchita?"

"Who told you that?"

"Conchita. Luiz."

"Well, well. . . . It certainly was once almost understood. But. . . . understandings are sometimes broken. Certainly, with you gone back to England and hopeless because you did not love me, there might have come a time when I might have turned to Conchita, might have tried to forget you——"

"But, I could never, never have forgotten you, and—I don't want to go back to England. Not—if you do really love me still."

"You actually mean that I have been mistaken, that you you love me yourself?"

Carlos whispered those words with such an agony of incredulous anxiety that Adora almost laughed out of sheer joy. Her moment had come, the moment of which she had fondly dreamed and despaired of as a vain hope And now it had come she rose to it with an impassioned ecstasy She stood before Carlos, white and virginal, her breasts heaving tumultuously beneath the thin lacy robe she wore, her heart in her eyes, desire in her parted lips as her bare white arms crept up to his shoulders, the little hands meeting behind his neck.

"I adore you, Carlos. I worship you, my darling. I seem to have loved you for ages, since the very beginning of time. Carlos, I want to belong to you."

He let her speak, his superb figure towering over her, his eyes moist with the emotions she stirred in him. Very, very slowly, his arms surrounded her, gathered her in. And then, all restraint thrown aside, he crushed her to him, his lips on hers, their shapes shadowed by the night.

It was some time before either of them spoke again, save for the mutual murmur of endearments softly breaking the silence in whispers of ecstasy. Presently Carlos released her a little, gazing down at her in wonderment, as if even now he could not quite believe that he was not dreaming

"Tell me," he breathed. "When

(Continued on Page 22)

Here's That New 8-Hour Lipstick

Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. A new 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

You apply when you go out

Eight hours later—lovely lips

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2 50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c* Newest Parisian Shades. *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

The NEW Kissproof *Indelible* LIPSTICK

Newly Discovered Formula

FLORENCE REED. A recent photograph of this glamorous star whose latest success was *The Shanghai Gesture.* She is now in Hollywood to make pictures.

"I'm over 40!"

SAYS FLORENCE REED

Famous stage Star tells how you, too, may keep youthful charm

"WITH a woman it's how old she *looks,* not how old she *is* that counts!" says Florence Reed, famous stage star.

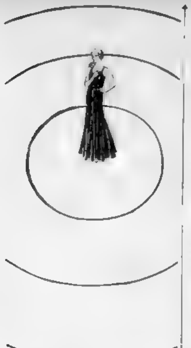
"Stage and screen stars know how to stay young—how to *keep* youthful freshness year after year. And practically every prominent star shares one secret. Youthful charm depends on complexion beauty! We consider our complexions priceless. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin youthful."

Florence Reed is only one of countless beautiful favorites of the stage and screen who depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always exquisitely smooth.

In Hollywood actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap.

Surely *your* skin should be kept youthfully aglow—and *can* be—this safe, gentle way! Order several cakes—today!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢



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Nonspi is *one* deodorant pronounced both harmless and effective by competent medical authority.

Why? Because it is perfectly safe, and yet protects you for 3 days (72 hours). You need to use it only twice a week. A special ingredient used *only* in Nonspi makes this possible.

By checking perspiration, Nonspi not only stops armpit odor, but also protects you from staining, perhaps ruining, expensive frocks.

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prevents perspiration

Advertisement.

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ABSOLUTELY SAFE TO USE

Clear and Clean as Water! Colorless Odorless Greaseless Will Not Stain the Skin

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There is no need for you to tolerate gray, faded or streaked hair. If you will brush [illegible] with Canute Water, the hair will regain its beautiful [illegible] color. No fuss or bother. [illegible] safe to use. [illegible]

Canute Water [illegible] greaseless water [illegible] the color [illegible] the hair [illegible] The hair becomes glossy, soft and lustrous. [illegible] young [illegible] application of Canute Water [illegible]

Your hair will [illegible] to the [illegible] of this [illegible] so certain [illegible] fail to [illegible] will [illegible] of satisfied users all over the world [illegible] of Canute Water [illegible] color restorer for gray hair [illegible] NOW [illegible] drug store and prove it to yourself at our expense [illegible] Owl [illegible] or Walgreen's Drug Stores or your own druggist. The Canute Co. Dept. A-61, Milwaukee, Wis.

DO YOU KNOW that there are 5,500,000 other families who regularly read The American Weekly? That is by far the largest circulation in the world — nearly twice that of the next largest publication.

Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BRUCE and Marlowe, bringing their trading schooner the Helen, into the harbor of Les Aves in the Pakahkis are worried about a concession Hackett of the Jean Marie was to have gotten from Van Kloort the resident governor. The concession would allow them to salvage a fortune in ambergris from Paiku Island under the guise of pearling.

Their premonition is strengthened when they learn that the night before he sailed to meet them [illegible] woman with the white hands. They fear that this alluring but evil woman has wormed the secret out of Hackett.

When another trader shows Bruce and Marlowe a piece of the Jean Marie's longboat that has obviously been smashed by an axe they are convinced he met with foul play. They suspect Julian Ridley of the Leopard an unscrupulous trader who will stop at nothing where money or women are concerned.

Bruce accuses the resident and Ridley of putting Fanchon up to getting the information about the Paiku concession from Hackett only to find that Van Kloort has already given it to Ridley. They decide to sail without a concession.

Bruce receives a summons from Fanchon. Against Marlowe's protest he decides to go to her believing that he can wrest from her the secret of Hackett's death. Marlowe warns him that if he is not back by midnight the Helen will sail without him.

Ridley makes love to Carol, Hackett's daughter, but she escapes him and flees to the beach, where Marlowe hides her until midnight, when they board the Helen.

Bruce demands the secret from Fanchon, but in the end falls for her allure, forgetting everything. When Ridley finds the Helen gone in the morning he starts out in pursuit.

Bruce persuades Fairless of the Spanish Rake to set out with him after the two ships for a fourth share of the ambergris.

The Helen arrives at Paiku and Carol and Marlowe land and find the ambergris. On the way back to the Helen they become lost in a sudden fog, and after rowing about for hours bump into a boat which they think is theirs. Carol and the ambergris are lifted aboard, but before Marlowe can follow he discovers it is not the Helen and the longboat sheers off into the fog again.

Carol finds herself and the ambergris in Ridley's power aboard the Leopard. A short time later Ridley's boat encounters the Spanish Rake. There is a terrible fight in which Ridley wounds Fairless with a hobi-poisoned kris. Before Bruce can revenge his friend the Leopard disappears in the fog.

The next morning Bruce picks up Marlowe in the longboat and they finally sight the Leopard.

Ridley puts two shots from his cannon into the Spanish Rake and the ship begins to leak. Carol leaps into the sea and is rescued by Marlowe. They work the pumps madly to keep the vessel afloat. Bruce tells Carol he loves her, but she scorns to share any man with Fanchon. Exhausted they finally make Les Aves where the Leopard is laying at anchor.

Ridley has locked the ambergris in the cabin and gone to the House to accuse Van Kloort of double-crossing him. He beats the Governor then hurries to settle with Fanchon. When she resists his advances he throttles her and flees into the jugle.

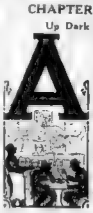
Van Kloort makes out a warrant for Ridley's arrest for assaulting him. He wants to lock the skipper of the Leopard up so he can get the ambergris himself. The death of Fanchon is discovered and a posse organized to pursue Ridley.

Bruce realizes that he has lost Carol to Marlowe, who has loved her all along.

For Answer Carol Reached Up and Kissed Marlowe Full on the Mouth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Up Dark River.



A SILENCE fell on the little group in Hendry's. They knew Ridley and they knew that he went armed night and day. Saunders was the first to speak.

"Anyone who's goin' after Ridley better say his prayers right now. There won't be time later on."

No, there would be no time later on. Ridley was a good marksman. Young Scarlett shuffled uneasily.

"Better spread out," said Marlowe. "If he's not near the shore most likely he's struck inland to try and make the north coast. Tell you what I reckon he'll do if that's his game. He'll get down to the river and follow it up. When he gets to the source he'll only have ten miles to go to hit the coast."

"Well?"

"We must take a catamaran up the river and watch the right bank. That's where he'll be, sooner or later. Some of us can beat through the woods, but I don't think we'll get him that way. But if he finds he's pursued he'll make for the river. Any man would. Where there's water, there's a chance of safety. He may try floating down on a log.

"Send the Kanakas through the woods with Saunders and Scarlett," Marlowe was saying. "Bruce and I will take the boat. Hendry, something to eat and a couple of bottles. We may be away two or three days."

He walked over to Van Kloort.

"Come outside."

Van Kloort followed him meekly.

"Well?"

"Where's the stuff?"

"I don't know."

"Swear it?"

"It's the truth, Marlowe. I— Ridley — the case is altered — you see—"

"Things will have to come out," said Marlowe. "I suppose you've quarreled with him. That ambergris belongs to us. Do you hear? I got it. And it doesn't matter to you or any one else where or how I came by it."

"Paiku."

"You don't know that, and you can't prove it. If there's going to be an inquiry into that, there'll be an inquiry into other things as well. Do you get my meaning? It might be better not to raise any dust."

Van Kloort nodded. He was done. He couldn't argue and fight now that he was alone. Always he had been the weakest of the three. He rubbed his pudgy hands nervously, and cleared his throat.

"Carol will stay with Hendry till I come back," said Marlowe suddenly. "Do you hear? You leave her alone. She'll be all right there. And — don't let anyone go out to the Leopard until — until Ridley's found."

They eyed each other suspiciously.

"You think it's there?"

"Yes. So do you. Leave it there till I come back," said Marlowe.

He came close to Van Kloort.

"You double-cross me if you dare," he said quietly, and turned away.

Hendry came out with stores and together they went down to the water's edge. Here Pushe and Kahiva awaited them and soon a catamaran was made ready, the owner being rewarded with tobacco-sticks and hair-oil for the loan of his vessel. Bruce [illegible] preparations. Marlowe flung explanations over his shoulder as he loaded the flimsy-looking craft.

Carol stole up and stood watching with dry eyes and white lips.

"Good luck," said Hendry at last. "Come, Carol. Ye'll bide with me till they come again."

She did not hear him. She walked up to Marlowe, raising anguished eyes to his.

"Must you go?"

He took her arm and led her out of earshot of the others.

"Don't worry," he begged her. "We'll get him all right. I'll look after Bruce for you."

She whirled round.

"Let him look after himself."

"What do you mean? Carol— do you mean—"

"I don't love him," she said fiercely.

"Then who—"

For answer Carol reached up and kissed Marlowe full on the mouth. Next moment she was running for Hendry's like a wild

(Continued on Page 19)

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Isles of Desire

by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 18)

thing in flight. Marlowe stared after the flying figure in a dream The touch of her lips set his pulses hammering. A heady sense of exultation filled him. He wanted to sing, to race madly across the sand, to do a thousand things that might work off the ecstasy that had him by the throat

Bruce and Hendry were shouting at him. There was no time now. Later on when the fighting was done and he came back—he remembered that Fairless had not come back. Oh, away with that stuff! He hurried down to the boat and stepped in. Hendry grinned a farewell, and the boys pushed off

The tide was still on the ebb They made West Height and rounded it without difficulty. But once around the promontory they must contend with the outflow of the river. A strong steady current met them and progress was slow. But already the tide was on the turn. Presently it swung into a flow and they entered the mouth of the Dark River.

It was well named. The slow water crept like a great snake from the heart of Les Aves. A great swamp lay to the right, a gray-green place where sodden trees grew out of the squelching ground with haggard, rotten roots under whose arches dwelt a thousand nameless water-creatures. Marsh lilies grew here, great evil flowers of yellow splashed with purple stains. Their stickly leaves were traps for marsh-flies, scarlet water-beetles, slugs, mosquitoes.

For three miles the influence of the tide made itself felt After that the sluggish stream swept slowly against the prow of the catamaran. The boys stood to their oars, their muscles rippling under the bronze skin. There was no sound of the sea now. The salt tang had faded from the air, giving place to a hot, sickly stench that rose from the banks. The slimy water sucked at the boat's keel. The heat of the noonday sun turned Bruce sick. He sat doggedly, his knees hunched to his chin, striving to choke back the nausea that swelled in his throat

Marlowe encouraged the boys to put all their strength into their arms. Speed was essential. They must get well up the river ere they would stand a chance of seeing their quarry. They hugged the right bank of the river as they toiled upstream. Marlowe's keen eyes raked the water's edge in vain. The swamps slid away, giving place to thick undergrowth and overhanging trees. An unnatural stillness hung over the river. Unnatural! Was there anything real about this cursed place, this strange silent river bordered by quags and swamps and dying trees where the lichens hung like ghosts? Marlowe stared at the riot of color, the strange dark greens and browns broken by flaming patches of hibiscus, and wondered why people raved about the beauty of the islands. This wasn't beauty, this terrible luxuriance of life that fought and struggled for its existence against a thousand odds. There was something sinister about it all, some indescribable sense of rottenness, of decay, that chilled the blood

He shook off his forebodings and turned to Bruce

"Better draw in for a minute or two. The boys are getting fagged."

They drew in by the bank and rested, eating without enjoyment some of the food that Hendry had thrust into the boat. Their eyes, their ears remained alert, listening, watching for any sign of the man whom they sought. Van Kloort would throw out a wide net. Gradually it would close, drawing Ridley down to his last chance of escape, the river.

"Come on," said Marlowe, impatiently. "Kahiva, must make haste all same quick. Suppose Rideli makes hide"

He urged them onward, caring nothing for Bruce's taciturnity. The fellow sat with his chin in his hands and when Marlowe spoke he did not answer. Marlowe let him be. He guessed where Bruce's thoughts lay, torn between a woman dead and a woman alive .

Midday passed. The sticky heat set them sweating at every pore. Marlowe wiped his neck.

"We must be eleven miles in," he said thickly. "Oh, this heat!"

Bruce raised his head

"Listen," he said suddenly.

The Kanakas stayed their dripping blades. Marlowe craned forward. Yes, there were sounds on the left, fifty yards ahead, sounds of someone crashing madly through the tangled bushes in a desperate attempt to reach the safety of the river.

The safety of the river .

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The First Skirmish.

RIDLEY flung his hair out of his eyes and plunged deeper into the woods. Where was he? The maddening sameness of the trees set his head spinning. He marked a tree that had a heart shaped scar three feet from the base. He walked away due north, leaving it behind him. For an hour he fought his way through brushwood and thicket, where the lianas tripped him and the tui-tui tore at his clothes. Presently he leaned to rest against a tree. He found it had a heart shaped scar three feet from the base.

He began to lose his head. He was no landsman, to pick a careful trail through unknown country. He was lost among this hopeless green confusion. His longing for sight and sound of the sea grew intense. Before his bloodshot eyes rose a picture of the Leopard tossing uneasily at anchor, waiting for the master who should guide her out to open sea. The sea! The word splashed across his heated brain, bringing with it memories of storms and winds and decks awash with green water.

He must get back to it. He must conquer thirst and fear and the guns of his enemies and get back to his ship. The thought of the treasures aboard awoke no covetous instinct. He was beyond caring for the stuff. All his mind centered now on the question of his return to the Leopard. All the treasures in the world could go hang so long as he might feel his hand on the tiller, the wet spray blowing into his arms.

He set out again, doggedly, squaring his shoulders in defiance of the strange gods of the wood, who turned his footsteps back by the way he had come He chose the steeper ground this time and bent his back to the climb. Up, up, up till he stood breathless on a bare ridge of ground above the trees, where he could stare down at the steaming forests that sweltered in the noonday sun. He shaded his eyes from the glare and looked back the way he had come. His eyes, trained to sweep the far horizon, fixed themselves at last on a brown stick that crossed an open space far below. A Kanaka, surely. Yes. What was he doing? Ah, he was waving to someone on the right. Two of 'em, eh? Now what the ——

He knew. He guessed at the reason for their presence in the woods below. Most likely there was a score of them on his track, with old Van somewhere in the rear—well in the rear—to urge the hounds forward. They would hunt him as they would hunt a wolf, spreading a wide net, closing in bit by bit until they had him snarling with his back to the wall. Well, they should have a good run for their money. Was Marlowe there? Most likely he was leading the pack. The Spanish Rake must be in port by now

He turned northeast and saw far below a silver thread that was the river. Here was a chance then. Here was a way out. If he could reach it, if he could plunge down through the tangled growth to the river, he had the last chance that he'd be likely to get. Van Kloort wouldn't think of that. His brain wouldn't stretch so far. Marlowe—but Ridley thrust Marlowe from his mind. He set his face northeast and began the drop down to the distant water.

It was worse than he had thought. He had to hack his way until his arm ached and his knife grew blunt. The steep ground shelved suddenly and he swung himself over the ledge and dropped fifteen feet into a cluster of sickly green fly-catcher plants. He staggered to his feet and went on, running now, heedless of his torn clothes, his bloodstained hands. Down, down, through the riot of growth that the fecund earth displayed so lavishly.

As he gained the lower slopes the heat increased. The sweat poured into his eyes, blinding him, lending strange movements to the motionless tree-ferns, setting the umbrella-plants shaking in a ghostly wind. He crashed headlong into a swamp where a spring rose out of the earth and meandered downhill towards the river. His clothes were black with wet, soggy mold as he stumbled to his feet again.

He skirted the quag and came on a clump of scarlet lilies. Their perfume rose sweet and heady in the hot, damp air. The memory that caught at his heart as their perfume swept over him sent him reeling against a palm, his hands over his face. Was this he, was this indeed Ridley, this fugitive, this hunted, terrified runaway?

Surely he must be near the river. There was a dampness in the stifling air. He listened and could hear nothing. Down, down through the lush clinging stems, the climbing twining stems that fought and struggled to reach the sunlight where jasmine and frangipani grew thick and luscious, scenting the air with their pungent incense

He saw the river fifty yards below. For a moment he paused, gathering his strength for the last spurt. Once there he would float down to the tide on some log and make his way at night to the Leopard under cover, with the log to sustain him. His spirits leapt at the nearness of achievement.

With all his strength he plunged down the slope, crashing through the undergrowth like a hunted animal. His throat burned. Desire for the cool water swelled in him. Twenty yards, a dozen, five, and he flung himself down by the river's edge with his torn hands dangling limply in the water.

It was achievement at last. Exultation awoke and blew its trumpet in his beating heart. Courage, courage! Half the day's work was over. There remained yet the hazard of getting downstream and out to harbor But was it likely that he would fail?

He scooped some water into his hands and drank greedily. He splashed it over his face and his throat. On a sun-warmed stone a little green lizard paused to watch him. He smiled at the intent gaze of the creature. Cunning little beggars, those fellow cunning little—

He could not believe it The catamaran that slid out like a shadow from the overhanging trees could be nothing but a trick of the eyesight A ghost Yes! a ghost. Even when Bruce raised his gun Ridley did not move But the shot that followed, a shot that splintered the stone where the lizard had been a second before shocked him into consciousness of deadly peril Lying flat he took aim and saw Bruce crumple up without a sound At the sight he shouted, a wild insane yell of triumph That fellow had had Fanchon in his arms She had given him what she had denied to Ridley Death by shooting was too good for him. He should have been strung up and hacked to bits, dying slowly under a thousand tortures for his presumption

Kahiva swung the boat round and made straight for shore. Ridley sprang to his feet. Well, he'd been in tighter places than this and got out by the skin of his teeth. Was it likely his luck would fail now? He fired twice One shot went wide, the other grazed Puahe's shoulder and wrung a scream of terror from him. Ridley swore aloud. It was Marlowe he wanted, Marlowe whom he feared, Marlowe with whom the ultimate encounter must be fought to the death

He backed into the bushes taking cover, crouching for the shot that should free his destiny for ever from the other's dominion. He was a fraction of a second too late. Marlowe flung himself flat in the shelter of the catamaran, almost overturning

(Continued on Page 20)

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THE expression, "*a dog's life*" has lost much of its point since Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap became known. Your dog will appreciate a bath in the luxuriant suds of this pleasant, mild soap. A thorough bath will kill every flea, leaving his coat in splendid condition. After drying, dust his coat with Sergeant's Skip-Flea Powder. Fleas will stay away

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Do as Your Dentist does—*when he cleans your teeth*

Powder Cleans and Whitens Teeth—as nothing else can

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used

It cleans off all stains and tartar and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown

Dr Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life

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In addition to cleansing it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

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Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure

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USE THIS MARVELOUS OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER TO KEEP THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND PLIANT

ARE you one of those women who dread the sunshine because of its effect on sensitive skin? Are you afraid to expose [illegible]

OUTDOOR GIRL is an utterly different face powder [illegible] OUTDOOR GIRL its [illegible]

Try this different face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades, including Lido's Boulevard and Everglades—the lustrous new tone that goes so well with [illegible] complexions.

Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and $1.00 together with other OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the [illegible] goods counters of leading chain [illegible]. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of [illegible] Crystal Laboratories, 132 Willis Avenue, New York City.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL Face Powder
LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box... With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

"John—can't you go alone? I'm simply Exhausted!"
It never occurred to her that shoes she THOUGHT perfectly comfortable could cause habitual fatigue.

Thousands of women like her—worn out, exhausted, nerves frazzled, so tired at the day's end that pleasure is impossible.

The reason is simple—often unsuspected. Nothing more nor less than plain, ordinary, "comfortable feeling" shoes. Shoes that are ill-fitting, improperly designed—that torture delicate nerves and muscles of the arch.

Though you may never realize it, *wrong* shoes impose a twisting, torturing, unnatural strain on ankles, calves and the whole muscle structure of your body. No wonder you're tired!

Slip on a pair of gloriously comfortable FLEXIBLE arch Cantilevers. Watch fatigue vanish. Youth, life and buoyancy return. You feel like a new person. Cantilever's scientifically designed FLEXIBLE arches give firm but yielding support to the feet. Your foot fits naturally in the shoe without cramping toes or slipping heels. And best of all Cantilevers are neither awkward nor ugly as you would expect of shoes so marvelously comfortable. You will find them in trim, swagger styles. Up-to-the-minute models in the new-season vogue.

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FREE How To Avoid [illegible] told in a fascinating 16-page illustrated book called "Millions Are Suffering." Explains [illegible] known reasons why you get tired—and how to avoid fatigue. Mail this coupon to CANTILEVER SALES CORP., 2016 No. 4th St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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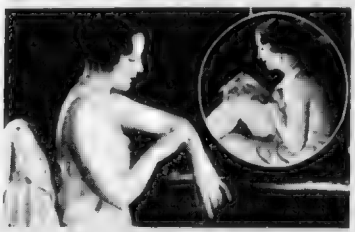
Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth



By a total lack of stubble, you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left as soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Isles of Desire

by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 19)

it with his violence. The bullet ploughed up the water beyond in a long spraying furrow. Instantly Ridley fired again. But the hammer snapped harmlessly. He had fired his last shot.

He stared stupidly at the useless weapon. What a fool! He was defenseless now, save for his knife. The instinct for flight overcame him. He turned and fought his way into the covering bushes. Escape, he must escape. He would fight Marlowe yet, but not that day. He must have time. He must make a getaway while he could. But where? The thought of the net that Van Kloort had spread, the net that must even now be closing towards the river, made him pause. . . .

Marlowe ran the catamaran ashore and leaped out. He and Kahiva lifted Bruce and laid him down gently on the stones. From his chest the blood poured in a steady sinister stream. When they touched him he opened his eyes and moaned faintly. They ripped off his shirt, folding it into a pad and pressing it hard against the welling flood. In less than a minute it was a sodden rag.

Marlowe stood up, his decision made. If Bruce wasn't to bleed to death he must get him back to the town.

"Kahiva," he said, "must put Biruti in catamaran, all same go back. Kahiva takem Biruti, Puahe in catamaran. Bimeby Biruti he die all same quick. Suppose Kahiva make haste all same devil suppose Biruti he not die."

"Marilu come too?"

"No. Stay find Rideli. Bimeby Kahiva come back all same find Marilu. Savvy?"

"Savvy, Marilu."

They lifted Bruce again and laid him in the catamaran. Marlowe impressed on Puahe that while Kahiva paddled for dear life he must hold the wounded man and do his best to staunch the flow of blood. He showed him how to keep the wet rags pressed hard against the wound.

"Marlowe," said Bruce weakly, "what's the matter?"

"Don't talk. You'll be all right."

"Did you get him?"

"Not yet."

"My chest—"

"Go." said Marlowe to the boys.

Kahiva pushed off, swinging the boat downstream. His brown body was rigid with importance. He woud not fail. He would take the wounded Biruti back to the town and come again for Marilu. No thought of danger or hindrance entered his mind. Had he not paid many sticks of tobacco to the witch-doctor for a charm to preserve life and keep off evil spirits? It was round his neck now, on a chain of plaited goat's hair.

Proudly he regarded the little bag that swung to and fro on his chest. It contained the tip of a sow's ear, the first joint of a dead man's right thumb and three hairs taken from a woman in childbirth. Was there anything on earth that could harm a man so protected? No, indeed. He steered into midstream, intent on the fulfilment of the task that his master had laid on his brown shoulders.

Biruti was a very sick man, there was no doubt of that. He was talking, shouting even, long difficult words that Kahiva could not follow. Lest such cries should attract evil spirits from the swamps, he began to sing. His high, clear voice floated up and up between the lush green banks.

"I am Kahiva the son of Kuara.
I am very strong, very mighty
See, I hasten along the river
Bearing Biruti to safety.
Keep away, oh ghosts.
Turn aside, oh shodows of the dead.
Turn aside. . . "

Marlowe watched the catamaran swing around the bend. When it vanished he turned to the land again, considering what he should do. Ridley lurked somewhere near, waiting for him to move, watching him, planning to spring on him unawares. Where was he? No man could go far in that density without betraying himself. Marlowe strained his ears to catch a sound. But there was nothing save the sucking water that slid by twelve feet away.

The lianas that straggled over the ground to the right had been wrenched as though a man's heavy boot had tripped over them. Marlowe took out his knife and began a cautious passage. The place was so silent, so still, that it got on his nerves. At every step he paused, listening, staring, turning his head sharply at some fancied movement. Time itself seemed to stand still, waiting, standing on tiptoe in this strained expectation, this tense waiting for what was ahead. The sense of being watched haunted him. Who could say from what hiding place Ridley would spring, knife in hand, wild eyes flashing, as they closed for this last encounter? On, on, till the world resolved itself into a mass of clinging stems and strange dark green leaves. The tree-ferns towered above his head, the spotted convolvulus thrust its evil blossoms into his face. He had a queer thought that divers walking under the sea must move in just such a green twilight.

He came upon a small patch of open ground where five tall palms grew. On the other side of it Ridley waited.

His shirt was torn to ribbons, there was blood on his chest. His face was as white as death and in his hand he held a knife. Marlowe caught his breath. So it had come at last. His blue eyes narrowed as he came forward slowly.

"Ridley!"

"Shoot me down," Ridley jeered between white lips. "Go on, shoot."

"What do you take me for?" Marlowe roared at him.

They advanced, circling warily, as tigers before they spring. They measured each other, judging where the weak points lay, holding each other's eyes to guard against sudden attack. Nearer and nearer they drew, their clenched hands showing the blue veins that stood out with the strain of coming battle.

Ridley put down his head and charged. He had Marlowe round the thighs, his head pressed against the other's ribs. Marlowe swung his fists, crashing down on the spine till Ridley jerked upright to defend himself. They closed, swaying like reeds in the wind, their bare chests crushed together, their bodies locked in a fierce embrace. Marlowe ducked suddenly, breaking away, freeing himself from those mighty arms that were pressing the blood from his heart. Ridley came on again and caught his enemy's jaw with a right hook that sent Marlowe staggering against a tree.

He shook the sweat out of his eyes and clenched to meet Ridley's attack. The other came on like a bull, seeking to grapple again, to throw his opponent. He was the heavier. His great fists crashed through the skin, drawing blood. He shouted at the sight, a hoarse exultant shout that went echoing to the wide sky. He fought now with the insane fury of a man who has drawn his enemy's blood. The heavy blows that rained on Marlowe's shoulders and chest began to leave their mark in great welts.

Marlowe was coughing. He drew back and crouched for the attack. Three paces off he sprang, his arms about Ridley's knees, his whole weight pressing the other back. Ridley staggered. To reach that crouched figure he must bend lower. Without warning Marlowe's right shot up, catching him on the point of the chin, throwing him off his balance.

But he was not down. He sprawled sideways and recovered himself blindly, conscious of danger, alert for some trick of wrestling that would overthrow him. His lips drew back in a snarl.

"I'll get you, blast your eyes."

"You got Hackett—"

"Yes," Ridley shouted at him. "Yes, I killed him. He said he was the last man I'd kill. Liar, liar! And after that there was Fairless—"

"You didn't kill Fairless," said Marlowe, between his bruised lips. "I shot him. You blackguard, that kris was poisoned. Hobi—he was screaming—"

A mist swam before Ridley's eyes. His heart thudded sickeningly. So he had not been the one to kill Fairless. What if Hackett's prophecy had been right after all? What if he had slain his last man? They say the dying can see far. But what did it mean if it were true? That he would never defeat the man who leant panting against the tall palm tree? Fear took hold of him, gripping his throat with cold hands. The last man! He looked with dazed eyes at his hands, the hands that had killed Fanchon, and his terror rose until it overpowered him.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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SHE GRIEVED FOR HER TROUSSEAU LINENS . . until she learned how to remove stains, scorched spots and mildew with Clorox . . . . . .

LINENS, stored away, become yellow—spots and stains come with use—badly laundered linens are gray—what to do? The woman who uses Clorox has the remedy. . . . For Clorox can be safely used on even the finest linens. Added to the soaking suds or first rinse, Clorox makes white cottons and linens snowy-white and stain-free. It is not even necessary to boil them. Ordinary stains disappear in the laundering process, while stubborn stains, such as fruit, berry, ink and medicine, even scorched spots and mildew, require only a slightly stronger solution.

Moreover, every time Clorox is used to cleanse or bleach it also deodorizes and disinfects.

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RIGHT HERE, where digestion starts, 90% of our common ills begin because we let wastes gather.

THREE CAKES of fresh yeast daily, eaten before or between meals, soften accumulated wastes and help the body clear them away. With elimination made normal once more, joyous health soon comes back again.

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MORE FUN from life is the result when waste has been eliminated from the intestinal tract.

They eat 3 Cakes a Day... REGULARLY

LITERALLY thousands of people in the United States and Canada have found new health through eating yeast. Men, women, children, rich folk and plain folk. So many of them, there must be many in your own circle.

You may not *know* that they eat yeast. People do not often discuss the ways and means they use in achieving health.

But when you see men and women radiant with health . . . enjoying every minute of the day . . . never seeming to tire . . . boasting glorious skins and marvelous complexion color . . . you can very nearly put this down as certain:

Either they are regular followers of the yeast routine, or they have been lucky enough to escape the prevalent evil that eating yeast corrects!

That's the secret of keeping *internally clean* by the Yeast method

That's a broad statement, but here's why it is true . . .

The picture above, on the left, depicts the stomach and intestinal tract. It is in this region that your body draws its sustenance from the food you eat.

This region must be clean and healthy. If waste matter is allowed to gather there, as it does in many cases, the body absorbs poisons from fermenting residue instead of nutritive elements. The skin grows clouded, or suffers blemishes. Resistance to sickness is reduced; colds and headaches are apt to follow. Appetite grows dull.

In short, we suffer half-health, which may soon lead to serious ills.

Therefore, it is vital that we give this region regular, intelligent care. Wastes must be cleaned away. Elimination kept complete and regular. Poisons must be prevented from forming and seeping into the system.

That is what Fleischmann's Yeast does. It clears away poison-breeding material, so that the skin clears. It fosters digestion, so that normal appetite is restored. It strengthens resistance to illness by providing fresh and constant nourishment. Thus the whole body benefits. Clear skin, clear eyes, renewed vitality.

Get at the trouble, beginning today.

You can buy Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Just eat three cakes every day, regularly—a cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Remember, every cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast is rich in *three* vitamins indispensable to health—vitamins B, G and D.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast... the only kind that benefits you fully. *Eat 3 cakes a day!*

Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night Club

(Continued from Double Page)

clothing. I'll drive you out to Hendon in the car." Hendon was the airdrome in the north of London, where he had his airplane.

The Earl went home to change. He had forgotten all about his wife till then, but when he arrived at their mansion flat he was reminded of her, and he went to see if she were asleep. He discovered then that she had not been home at all. However, he changed and went off to pick up Betty.

They drove out to Hendon, which is about seven miles to the north of London, and he got out his 'plane, tuned up, and the Earl and the dance instructress, whom his wife had engaged to take up his attentions so that she could be free in her affair with her new flame, rose into the air.

Whether it was a case of "the morning after the night before" and shaky nerves, I don't know. But at four hundred feet up the machine suddenly dived and it crashed to the ground. A crowd of mechanics rushed across the airdrome to find the Earl and his companion alive, but unconscious and badly injured. When they were taken to the hospital it was found that he had his shoulder and several ribs broken and several face wounds. Betty had both arms broken and a big cut on her face which had to be stitched up.

Betty and the Earl lay in the same hospital for some weeks. The Earl was delirious for some days, and it was a striking thing that through all his ravings he never once mentioned his wife's name. Always that of Betty, although his wife sat at his bedside every day. I don't know what her feelings must have been as she heard her husband calling for the girl whom she had introduced to him at our Manhattan Club in order to further her own love affair. With woman-like inconsistency, she had once more fallen in love with her husband, and she was torn with anguish that he should have completely forgotten her. She also forgot that she had gone for a long motor run into the country and had breakfasted at an up-river hotel with the man who had suddenly infatuated her at the club.

Both the Earl and Betty recovered. But he never went back to his wife. Betty never went back to night clubs nor to acting as a dance instructress. For there was a scar on her face that had completely altered her expression and had spoiled all her beauty. It was a dearly earned $5C in her case. As for the Earl and his wife, they were divorced some months after that night, and he has remarried, while she lives alone somewhere on the Continent.

Another affair which had some similarity to that of the young Earl and Betty, yet which had a different sequel, was that of a middle-aged Baronet, who, for some years, had been a frequenter of West End haunts. He had, in fact, had a great many "affairs" with different women, and yet his wife still lived with him, seemingly unsuspecting of his frolics and philandering.

He was greatly enamoured of a lady who was, for a time, very prominent in society circles. Her husband, who is dead now, was the proprietor of a very big group of enterprises. Even before she became a widow she was noted for her warm heart and her ready acceptance of the attentions of male admirers.

She and the Baronet developed a clandestine love affair. They met and went out together, but always to places where they were pretty sure of not meeting people in his own circle. Why they should ever have visited the "43 Club" with that idea I don't know, for at the time about which I am speaking one was sure to meet half of London society at this or one of our other clubs.

At any rate, the Baronet and the wife of the capitalist came along one night to the "43," and they danced together all evening and made it obvious to all who saw them that they were lovers. They stayed on till the early hours of the morning and then left together. I was not present, but our manager told me what occurred as they stepped out into Gerrard Street to go to the Baronet's car.

The car had been parked a little way along from the club entrance. As the couple walked along they became slightly separated in the crowd of people that was hanging about on the pavement waiting for taxis or their own cars. Sir Arthur walked up to his car with Lady X just behind him, when Sir Arthur's wife appeared seemingly from nowhere.

She confronted her husband.

"Ah, I thought so. I've caught you at last," she cried. "To think I never suspected it for a long time. Anyhow, now I know, and for you," she turned to Lady X, "I know just what you are. I shall put you in your place in the divorce court."

Sir Arthur was dumfounded and stood there not quite knowing what to do or say. He was even more dumfounded when the door of his car opened and a radiant vision of young womanhood stepped out and walked up to Sir Arthur's wife.

"Haven't you made a mistake in at least one thing?" said the girl, who was "Frankie," one of our dancing partners at the club. She spoke to Sir Arthur's wife. "You seem to be making out, so far as I can see, that this lady," she indicated Lady X, "and your husband are together. As a matter of fact, it is I who am with your husband. Not in any funny way. Just that he offered to drive me as far as the door of my flat."

The three people stood there staring. Not one of them knew quite what to make of the position, and Sir Arthur's wife least of all.

"Are you trying to tell me," she said at last, "that you are with my husband, and that this lady has nothing at all to do with it?"

"Just that and nothing else," said Frankie, who was one of our coolest and most sophisticated dance instructresses.

Sir Arthur's wife looked baffled. So did Sir Arthur. But Lady X had taken her cue and had vanished along Gerrard Street in a network of narrow lanes that come in behind the Shaftesbury Theatre and from Charing Cross Road.

Then the baronet's wife turned on her heel and walked back to her own car, in which, as it happened, she had been coming up from a late party at the Savoy Hotel to go home to Cavendish Square. She went away in it.

Sir Arthur turned to Frankie. "I say, that's wonderful of you. Deuced sporting. But what on earth made you do it? And what the devil were you doing in my car?"

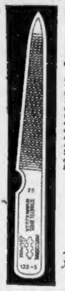
"Now, look here," said Frankie, who was as candid as her name at all times, "let us get it clear. I didn't do it for you, you silly old ass. I don't care a hoot if you get into trouble with your wife, and I don't care a hoot, either, who with. Except with Lady X. Some months ago she did me a darned good turn. I'm not going to tell you what it was, but it was enough for me that I wanted to do her a good turn back. I heard all the bother because I went out with a boy friend to sit in your car and talk. So I thought whatever happened I'd get Lady X clear. Seems I've done it," concluded Frankie laughing joyously. "Now you get home and make your peace if you can, you silly juggins."

I wouldn't for a moment claim that all the gold-digging dancing partners have hearts of gold, but I will say that most of them, like Frankie, rarely forget a good turn done them. Neither do they forget a bad one.

Here is an example of the latter type of case.

One night a party of four men came down to the "43." They all chose dancing partners, and so the party at the table became

(Continued on Page 22)



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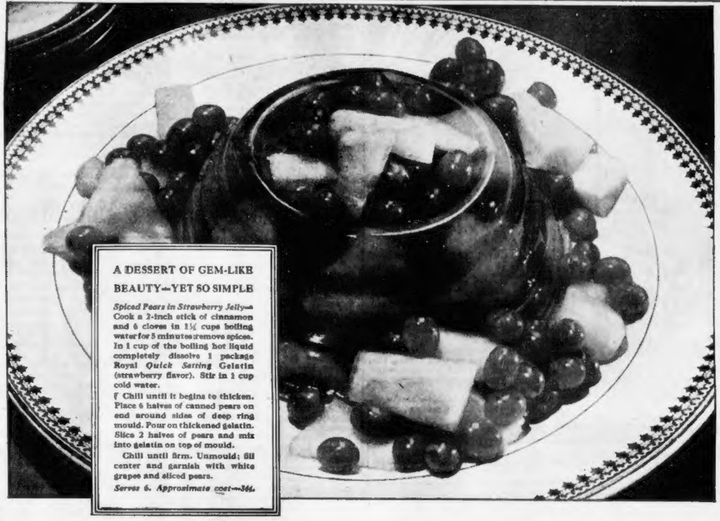

A DESSERT OF GEM-LIKE BEAUTY—YET SO SIMPLE

Spiced Pears in Strawberry Jelly—Cook a 2-inch stick of cinnamon and 6 cloves in 1½ cups boiling water for 5 minutes; remove spices. In 1 cup of the boiling hot liquid completely dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (strawberry flavor). Stir in 1 cup cold water.

¶ Chill until it begins to thicken. Place 6 halves of canned pears on end around sides of deep ring mould. Pour on thickened gelatin. Slice 2 halves of pears and mix into gelatin on top of mould.

Chill until firm. Unmould; fill center and garnish with white grapes and sliced pears.

Serves 6. Approximate cost—34¢.

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Short Cuts With Summer Shortcakes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SHORTCAKE—a dish every he-man loves, a dessert that is surely 100 per cent American, and one which looks like the proverbial million dollars even though it consists of nothing but a simple biscuit dough and a box of berries. Shortcake—the ideal Summer dessert because it is so easy to make, so ready of digestibility, and so glorified in its dignified shape and colorful appearance. With its red or plum-colored berry jewels it graces the table like a coronation crown and makes even the plainest menu seem a guest occasion.

The controversy as to which is the preferable shortcake basis—a real, genuine biscuit dough, or a spongecake — rages with an intensity only equalled by the discussion of whether it is better "to dunk," or "not to dunk" cornbread.

Both sides have ardent adherents. The author is all on the side of the biscuit dough shortcake as being a native form of bread cookery, and because its hot, moist buttery biscuit provides more contrast than any cold, dry-textured spongecake could possibly give when used with chilled and watery acid fruits.

How did this luscious combination of hot biscuit and cold fruit happen to originate? Quite possibly some New Englander — or was it a Southerner? — housewife who had been making baking powder biscuits or beaten biscuits for years, found that she had on hand a few left-over strawberries or huckleberries. And thinking casually to use them up, she served them together. Happy chance! For now the two are indissolubly joined in the Great American Dessert — fruit shortcake — which is liked by our English cousins and admired by our French friends.

The housewife who can make dandy biscuits has any shortcake at the tip of her spoon — or I should say in this case, at the tip of her kitchen case-knife. For success in making any shortcake dough depends on the skill and rapidity with which it is cut with a knife, mixed, rolled — and baked.

The dry ingredients of flour, salt, baking-powder, and perhaps a suspicion of sugar, must be sifted several times to insure even blending so that the dough will be porous, light and of similar texture throughout. The shortening — and here is the secret — must be very cold — and added to the flour in tiny bits which are then cut with any flat-bladed knife.

Some cooks, those who are born cooks only, may use their fingers in manipulating a shortcake dough, but the rest of us should be wise and use a stout case-knife for cutting in the fat, until we too become artists. Because an over heavy pressure from fingers is what makes an over heavy dough—an unthinkable disaster!

The liquid, too, which must be added to bind the dough, should also be chilled. Only enough, the least possible, may be added, almost drop by drop until the desired soft dough stage is reached. It must be moist, and yet permit rapid handling.

In making a single large shortcake, toss the mass of soft dough on a floured board and divide into two parts. Pat into shape, or roll lightly until one inch thick. For individual portions, use a cutter slightly larger than a biscuit cutter, and having a scalloped edge to give a pretty effect.

The dough may be baked in well-greased pie tins; but often there is more success if the dough is baked on top of an inverted tin. This practice allows a free and even circulation of hot air to strike all around the biscuit while it is baking. The oven for shortcakes should always be preheated and what is called a quick oven.

This means for those who wisely use temperature in their baking, 450 degrees F. held for 15 minutes when the shortcakes are small, or 425 degrees F. held for 20 minutes when the sortcake is a large single cake. The two layers may be placed on top of each other, and baked together, being sure that the dough was generously spread with melted butter before baking, so that the layers will easily split apart.

All fruits for shortcake fillings should be ripe, slightly crushed, and allowed to stand sprinkled with sugar for about two hours before use—½ cup of sugar to every 1 cup crushed fruit juice, it can be increased by boiling 1 cup sugar with ½ cup of water to a heavy syrup and combined with the fruit. A teaspoon or two of butter may be added to give richness. A few drops of lemon juice or some extract will bring out the fruit flavor.

If there are any who prefer the spongecake basis, then at least see that the shortcake is made from fresh, homemade spongecake with a moist texture. Nothing is more store-made than dry, brittle and flavorless spongecake used with fruits.

Any one can beat up a successful spongecake in 15 minutes. Use well sifted cake flour—not heavy glutinous bread flour—and after blending the confectioner's sugar, the flour and the hot or cold water required by your recipe—then fold in the whipped eggs. Never beat the eggs, or stir any spongecake mixture, because that breaks apart the air bubbles which the beating has done its best to enclose in the whipped eggs. Use a moderate slow oven, evenly heated. An oven indicator or thermometer is most useful for this and all delicate cake baking.

Strawberries and shortcake seem inseparably associated, but a shortcake with other fruit filling tastes equally delicious. In this early Summer season pineapples are at their best and cheapest in many markets, and a filling of shredded fresh pineapple alone, or combined with cut strawberries, makes a most flavorful and something-different filling.

Use all fruits right along as they ripen, raspberries, black and huckleberries, cherries, even rhubarb. Peaches and the later Summer fruits make equally luscious fillings for the two buttery brown layers that compose every shortcake.

For those who prefer this spongecake type there are many white or spongecake recipes which may be followed. If such a mixture is baked in a ring or border mold and turned to cool, then the center cavity can be filled with the sweetened berries and topped with whipped cream. One of the newest baking pans has a center opening exactly suited to making this kind of novel shortcake. The same pan design can be secured in small individual cake pans, very attractive for company service, bridge and Summer porch parties, etc.

The standard recipe for Mother's Old-Fashioned Shortcake will enable every homemaker to meet with success, using such variations as her own inspiration may suggest:

Mother's Old-Fashioned Shortcake—Two cups bread flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 5 tablespoons shortening, ¾ cup milk, butter, sweetened berries, whipped cream. Sift flour, baking powder and salt; work in shortening, using two knives in cutting motion until mixture resembles coarse meal. Add gradually sufficient milk to give consistency of soft dough. Toss dough on floured board and divide into two parts. Pat into rounds and place on greased layer cake tins. Bake 15 minutes at 450 degrees F. until golden brown. Split and spread with butter. Fill with sweetened berries between layers; ornament top with whipped cream and plenty of whole berries. To make individual shortcakes, roll dough to 1 inch thick, and cut in rounds slightly larger than baking powder biscuits.

Strawberry Surprise Cake—½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups pastry flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon orange extract, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Strawberry ice cream, whipped cream, whole berries. Combine as usual butter cake mixture and bake in a greased and floured ring or border mold, moderate oven for 30 minutes. Turn out and cool. Place on serving platter, half fill center with ice cream, spread with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries. (Same cake mixture can be used for any cake foundation shortcake, and this center filled with sweetened berries or a fruit whip of any kind.)

Quick Berry Cake—(to be cooked on electric table stove.) Crushed sweetened berries, shortcake dough, hard sauce. Grease the deepest pan thoroughly with butter and fill with an inch layer of the berries. Have dough ready and rolled 1-inch thick and shaped to fit the grill. Place on top of berries. Use shallow grill pan and invert over dough, like oven. Cook on high heat 5 minutes, then reduce to low heat and bake 10 minutes longer, without removing cover. Use hard sauce into which mashed berries and a few drops of vanilla have been added.

Steamed Berry Shortcake—½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2½ cups flour, 3½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, 4 egg whites, mashed and sweetened berries—black and raspberries, currants, huckleberries, etc. Cream butter, add sugar and sift flour and baking powder. Add milk, cut and fold in stiffly whipped whites. Fill into greased custard or other molds and steam 40 minutes. Serve with crushed fruits.

Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night Club

(Continued from Page 21)

eight. Three of the men turned out to be "good scouts." They ordered plenty of champagne, bought the girls chocolates and cigarettes. But the fourth man was a supercilious kind of individual. He was very good looking, but his good looks were rather the gigolo type. He had as his partner a girl on our staff called Patsy.

Patsy was a really good sort. True, she knew the ropes thoroughly, having been a dance instructress at several very "hard-boiled" clubs like Tito's before coming to us. She was a brunette of about 30 years of age. On more than one occasion, however, I have known her to put some over-festive youth from Oxford or Cambridge University, who had spent all his money, into a taxi, pay the driver, and send the boy home or to a hotel.

When the party finished that morning the three other girls found themselves well paid by their partners. Patsy was told:

"I say, my dear, I'm awfully sorry, but I've hardly a bean on me. I can't give you anything tonight, but if you will leave it over I'll give you a good tip next time I come down."

Patsy wondered why the man didn't borrow something from one of his friends, and she had taken an instinctive dislike to him, the only sort of dislike women ever take. However, she told him:

"That's all right. I'll see you next time you come down."

The next time was about a week later. The good looking man came down with his wife. Patsy was discreet. Most professional dancing partners are. So she waited for the man to come over to speak to her at a convenient moment. But he never came near her that evening.

Then, a fortnight later, he came down again, also with his wife. But the "wife," on this occasion was a different one. Once more he never showed a sign that he recognized Patsy's existence, and he left without having spoken to her.

Talk of "hell having no fury like a woman scorned." It wasn't that Patsy expected the man to dance with her or show her any attention. But the fact that he ignored her entirely after having made her that promise enraged her, and made her determined to pay him out in some way.

When a woman sets out for revenge she finds lots of ways and means. The natural cunning of "the weaker sex," more than compensates for what they lack in ability to fight physically. So Patsy did some "detective" work, and she found out some things about the good looking man. She found out enough to give information to one of the two "wives," and to discover that actually both of the women had, as they thought, been married to this man. And he had already one wife, as it turned out, in Manchester.

The result of that man's ignoring of a debt and his treatment of Patsy was that he was put into the dock at the Hampshire Assizes, charged with double bigamy, and he received a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Lava Love—*by Inez Castello*

(Continued from Page 17)

did you first know that you loved me?"

"I can't say," she breathed back. "I'm not so sure now, Carlos, that I did not love you in London. I must have only I did not know it. I first felt doubts about myself on the night you saved me from Manoel in Saranoa and brought me back here. I felt somehow that—that my right place was here."

"And so it was and shall be!" he declared, kissing her again passionately for a while.

"When you gave me back my woman's clothes too, Carlos," she whispered presently, "I felt a change come over me. And when Conchita came—well, then I knew beyond all question."

"But—you never let me know. You gave no sign at all?"

"Because you seemed suddenly to go cold and not to need me," she explained. "And—you were so much with Conchita, so interested in her."

"Partly to try and rouse some jealousy in you, but you never showed any. And so, in sheer despair, I was for sending you home by the earliest possible boat. But now—"

"I never want to leave you again, Carlos, darling!" she whispered, lovelier in her tender and joyous surrender than ever he had seen her before.

So he crushed her to him once more, feasting his lips on her face and mouth and neck and smooth, bare shoulders, as she lay half-swooning in his arms for very happiness, his hands holding her to him and fondling her, hers responding as they caressed his face and neck and hair, till presently, with a sigh of regret and a little tinkling laugh, Adora suddenly freed herself from him and shrank back into the shadows.

"See, Carlos darling, how brazen I have been!" she whispered, her dimpled cheeks all blushes, her eyes dancing one minute and shy the next, as she stood there, a white filmy shape in the shadows.

"Coming in here to you in the state I am!" she breathed. "But I did have an excuse. The earthquake. Only now — supposing the others caught us like this! Whatever would they think and say?"

"Who cares?" He snatched her up in his arms as if to carry her, golden head resting on his broad shoulder, bare little feet dangling whitely on the other side of him.

"Who cares for anything but that we love each other, that you are mine and I am yours," he murmured, hoarsely. "I worship you, adorable beauty. And on the morrow, the priest shall make you and me man and wife. Till then the hours will go all too slowly for me—"

"And for me, too."

With his lips to hers he carried her slowly and silently across the passage to her own room, into which he took her, laying her gently back on her bed, kneeling beside her for one exquisite moment, kissing her before he rose to go.

"Tomorrow you will be all mine, Adora mia!" he whispered.

She nodded, her little face white with spent emotions, her body warm and aglow, trembling.

"I will be all yours, Carlos."

A few moments later she was alone, aware that all happiness was now hers, almost unbelievably amazed that it should be so, that it was not only a dream. But to the truth of it her whole body was witness, her lips on which his kisses had burned, even to her little bare-feet, still tingling with the kisses he had left upon them before he went.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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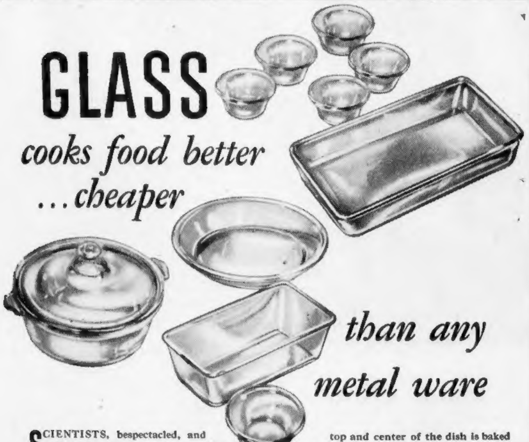

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Only that freckle-mask keeps you from a lovely complexion. Get rid of those homely spots and your skin will look soft and fine instead of dry and harsh; clear, fresh and young instead of rusty, patchy and old.

What you need is Othine-double strength. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream, you should find that even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It seldom takes more than an ounce jar of Othine to fade out those homely blemishes and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug store or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your complexion soft, clear and beautiful.

HAIR TROUBLE?

GETTING BALD?—DANDRUFF?
End Your Trouble
READ
"A Professor's Advice"
A Lecture of Truth and Fact
By a World-Famed Scientist
Mailed Free Upon Request By
LINDAY—361 W. 29th St., N. Y. C.

PLEASE SEND ME INFORMATION FREE by a famous scientist called "A Professor's Advice"—How to Regrow Lost Hair, Remove Dandruff, etc.

Name ....
Address ....

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin aglow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hasel and use daily as an astringent.

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Insist on
RED CROSS "ZO"
ADHESIVE PLASTER
Preferred by the profession.

Johnson & Johnson
RED CROSS PRODUCTS

HOLDS FALSE TEETH ALL DAY LONG

No longer need any wearer of false teeth fear their plates won't hold secure. FASTEETH, this new, pure powder, sprinkled on your plates every morning, holds them firm and comfortable all day long. No gummy, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH avoids embarrassment of false teeth dropping, sliding or wabbling. Gives secure confidence you enjoyed with your own teeth when laughing, eating or talking. Makes you forget you wear false teeth. Keeps breath sweet and gums from getting sore. For sale at all drug stores. Send 10c for sample. Fasteeth, Inc., Binghamton, N. Y.

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A valuable, illustrated treatise—based upon over 50 years experience in the treatment and feeding of dogs.

There is a special Glover Medicine for most conditions.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Should they not have the particular Medicine you need—obtain it at once by writing direct to us.

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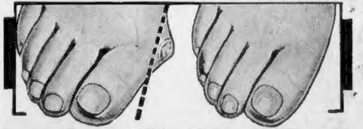
Imperial
DOG MEDICINES
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

When FEET hurt relief in 30 seconds

Poor sore, swollen feet—burning and aching all day! The minute you put them in a TIZ-bath you can just feel glorious comfort soaking in as all the ache is drawn out. TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that cause feet to swell, burn and smell. Takes the sting out of corns, calluses and bunions, too. To enjoy sweet, fresh, comfortable feet get a package of TIZ from any druggist.


Bunions Go Like Magic

Mail Coupon Now—Prove It

NEVER in history has the amazing action of Pedodyne Solvent been equalled. It's perfectly marvelous and truly a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. It stops the torturing pain of the most sensitive bunion almost instantly and reduces the enlarged, disfiguring growth like magic. So rapid is the reducing power of Pedodyne Solvent that thousands report they now wear new shoes with ease and comfort. You, too, can prove it, by actual test, at my risk—Mail the Coupon Now.

TRY IT ON YOUR BUNION
Just mail the coupon—try Pedodyne on your own bunion and prove the quick, sure, amazing results.

KAY LABORATORIES
Dept. 750-F,
180 N. Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois
"I want to try Pedodyne." There is no obligation. This is not an order. My address is—
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

Tasty Summer Recipes

By *Mary Lee Swann,*
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

TO 2 raw egg yolks add a few grains pepper, ⅛ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, and 3 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar. Beat well. Add 2 cups salad oil very slowly, beating constantly until thick and creamy.

Sour Cream Dressing (Very Good and Easily Made).

MIX 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons mild vinegar. Add 1 cup of thick sour cream and beat well. Serve very cold. This is especially good with vegetable salads.

Thousand Island Dressing.

TO 1 cup of thick mayonnaise add ¼ cup chili sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 3 tablespoons catsup, 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper, 3 tablespoons chopped red pepper and 1 teaspoon paprika. Serve immediately.

Vegetable Salad.

DRESS cold kidney beans, lima beans, peas and diced potatoes, separately, with French dressing seasoned with a few drops onion juice. Chill in ice box. Arrange in separate mounds on bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with sliced tomatoes or radishes.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Raspberries, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon, Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Broiled Tomatoes, Bacon, Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Cherries or Bananas, Poached Eggs on Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Corn Omelet, Frizzled Beef, Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast (Company)* Pineapple with Strained Fresh Strawberries, Baked Salt Mackerel, Sliced Lemon, Corn Muffins, Coffee.
Luncheon Egg and Watercress Salad, Whole Wheat Rolls, Banana and Pineapple Trifle, Cup Cakes, Iced Tea or Fruit Punch.	*Luncheon* Left-Over Meat Pie with Green Peas, Biscuit Crust, Shredded Cabbage with Dressing, Apple Snow, Cookies.	*Luncheon* Emergency Soup, Corn Bread, Spiced Plums, Chilled Carmel Rice Pudding.	*Luncheon* Asparagus Baked with Cheese Sauce, Graham Bread, Pineapple Salad, Iced Tea or Fruit Punch.	*Luncheon* Spinach Souffle or Baked Macaroni, Creamed Carrots and Peas, Berries, Chocolate Cup Cakes.	*Luncheon* Stuffed Tomato Salad, Cheese Sandwiches, Hot Orange Tea Biscuits, Iced Tea.	*Dinner* Asparagus Cocktail, Smothered Chicken, Cream Giblet Gravy, Steamed Rice, Cauliflower, Radishes, Olives, Fruit Shortcake with Whipped Cream, Coffee.
Dinner Broiled Steak with Canned Mushrooms, Baked Potato Puff or Spaghetti, Buttered Asparagus, Ginger Ale Salad, Wafers.	*Dinner* Rhurbarb Cocktail, Baked Ham Loaf, Tomato Sauce, Delmonico Potatoes, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Cottage Cheese Tarts with Strawberry Sauce.	*Dinner* Cold Sliced Ham Loaf, Blushing Apples, Delmonico Potatoes or Noodles, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Delight, Honey Cookies.	*Dinner* Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb, Mint Sauce, Creamed New Potatoes, Buttered Peas, Sliced Tomatoes, Apple Dumpling.	*Dinner* Canadian Lamb Pie (Left-Over), Cold Slaw with Sour Cream Dressing, Banana and Orange Layer Cake.	*Dinner* Grilled Fish, Home Fried Potatoes, Buttered Beans, Heart Lettuce Salad, Denver Dressing, One-Two-Three Dessert.	*Supper* Sandwich Loaf, Chocolate Ice Cream Soda (Home Made).

Ginger Ale Salad.

DSSOLVE 3 packages quick lemon gelatin in 1⅛ cups boiling water. Add 1 large can fruit salad (cut in small pieces), 1 small can shredded pineapple, a pinch of salt, ½ cup chopped pecan meats, 2 or 3 tablespoons finely chopped preserved ginger and 2 bottles ginger ale. Turn into small molds and chill. Turn out on heart lettuce and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise.

Peanut Butter and Fruit Sandwiches.

PASS ¼ cup figs and ¼ cup raisins through food chopper. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons corn syrup and ½ cup peanut butter. Beat until smooth and creamy and use as sandwich filling.

Cabbage and Egg Salad.

PICK over and thoroughly wash ½ head of hard white cabbage. Shred very fine. Press 6 hard cooked eggs through fruit press or ricer. Mix with the cabbage. Moisten with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. Turn into a salad dish and serve very cold with a garnish of sliced or stuffed hard cooked eggs.

Baking Powder Biscuit.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 3 tablespoons shortening with tips of fingers or two forks. Add ⅞ cup milk or thin cream and mix lightly. Turn out on lightly floured board, pat and roll about ½ inch thick. Shape with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 450 degrees, for 12 or 15 minutes.

Cauliflower and Beet Salad.

POUR well seasoned cooked dressing over cold boiled cauliflower and garnish with pickled beets, cut in fancy shapes, and crisp watercress.

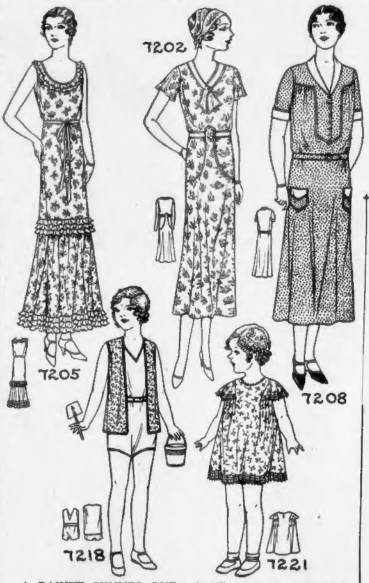
Beet and Potato Salad.

MIX 1½ cups diced or sliced cold potatoes with ½ cup thinly sliced cold beets. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Serve with French dressing to which is added 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper and 1 sliced hard cooked egg. Russian dressing may be used if a richer salad is desired.

Frozen Fruit and Cheese Salad.

DRAIN 1 can shredded pineapple, add 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 dozen chopped maraschino cherries and 6 or 8 chopped marshmallows. Beat ¼ pound cream cheese until smooth and creamy and gradually add 1 cup well seasoned mayonnaise. Combine with the fruit mixture. Turn into tray of mechanical ice box and freeze or pack lightly into mold, cover closely and pack in ice and salt for several hours. Serve on heart lettuce leaves with mayonnaise, French or whipped cream dressing.

American Weekly Patterns



A DAINTY SUMMER EVENING FROCK (7205). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size made as illustrated will require 3¼ yards of the printed or other material and 4⅛ yards of contrasting material for the ruffles.

A STYLISH DRESS FOR MANY OCCASIONS (7202). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. With short sleeves it will require 4⅛ yards 35 inches wide for a 38-inch size. With long sleeves, 4¾ yards. Neck facing and belt of contrasting material will require ¾ yard, cut crosswise.

A PLEASING MORNING FROCK FOR MATURE FIGURES (7208). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size will require 4¼ yards of 35-inch material. For contrasting material, ¼ yard will be required.

A POPULAR BEACH ENSEMBLE FOR GIRLS (7218). Designed in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make a 6-year size will require 2 yards of 32-inch material. Without the jacket, 1⅝ yards will be required.

A DAINTY LITTLE DRESS FOR A TINY GIRL (7221). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size will require 1⅝ yards of 29-inch material, 3¼ yards of lace edging and 6½ yards of insertion, put on as illustrated.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 25 cents in coin **(seal envelope flap securely on all edges)**, to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 STERLING PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS OR 15 CENTS EACH.

7205......Years
7208.......Bust
7202.......Bust
7218......Years
7221......Years

Name ....
St. & No.......................
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Send 10 cents in coin for our SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing 16 color pages and containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker.

Dainty, Fresh
COLOR
Makes Lingerie Like New Again

UNDERTHINGS, scanties, slips, dainty intimate things that have lost brightness and color, are quickly restored to delightfully fresh and dainty colors by the use of DYTINT. Dytint is amazingly easy to use and is so made that it tints in uniformly even tone and keeps its clear, fresh beauty through several washings.

DYTINT

The same expert chemist who perfected the world famous fast Sunset Soap Dyes created Dytint. And it really does impart a *new* look to faded and washed-out garments. Dytint is guaranteed by the makers of Sunset to be the equal or superior of any tint on the market. It costs less to make a tint so we give you the benefit. The big box sells for only 10c.
Dytint in the yellow box tints cotton, linen, silk and most artificial silks. Dytint in the green box tints silk and leaves cotton lace white.

"IT'S THRIFTY AND WISE-TO USE
SUNSET
SOAP
DYES"

For garments of either light or heavy material which require fast dyeing, depend on Sunset Soap Dyes. Sunset is the all-purpose fast dye for all fabrics. Dyes silk, wool, cotton, linen and mixed goods the same depth and shade of color in the same dye bath. Seams and button holes all dyed alike.
All 32 colors come in compact, tin foil wrapped cakes, 15c each. No soiled hands or spoiled utensils. Remember—use Sunset for fast dyeing, Dytint for tinting. For removing color before re-dyeing, use Dytint Color Remover, 10c.
If your dealer does not carry a full line of these products, do not accept a substitute because he says that "it is just as good." Write to us for full information and list of colors. And ask for your copy of "Color News," the little folder which tells you how to obtain special shades by combining standard Sunset colors.

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Dept. AW, Mt. Vernon, New York

SAVE
MONEY
and time too
...use the standard cleaner in CAKE form for all household cleaning
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MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
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Used to
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Ailments of the skin.
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

Clean
That Floor!

TO make that floor clean and spotless, put two tablespoons of Gold Dust in a pail of water. Then a quick mopping will do the trick. Let the work choose the soap. Stick to Gold Dust for all heavy cleaning tasks. Your grocer has Gold Dust in two convenient sizes. Get a box today.

5¢
KITCHENETTE SIZE

For greatest economy, ask your grocer for the big Household package.

FOR DIRTY DIRT

Where have all the old maids gone?

SHE was a familiar figure of the Nineties. And a little pathetic. By her twenty-fifth birthday, neighbors spoke of her as being "on the shelf."

How different today! Life has just begun for the modern girl of twenty-five. She is an important personage in both the business and the social worlds. She battles her ancient enemy, Old Father Time, with subtle new weapons.

Health brings clear eyes, a lovely skin, a radiant personality. The modern girl has learned that one of the first rules of health is regular elimination of body-wastes. Otherwise, constipation develops. Poisons spread through the system. Skins turn sallow. Wrinkles and pimples appear. Beauty quickly fades.

Yet, today, constipation can be overcome so easily, so pleasantly. By eating a delicious ready-to-eat cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two tablespoonfuls daily are guaranteed to prevent and relieve both temporary and recurring constipation. In severe cases, use with each meal.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides the roughage that is needed to sweep the system clean of all clogging body-wastes. How much wiser it is to protect youth this natural way than to take pills and drugs which may cause harmful habits!

Try ALL-BRAN with milk or cream, fruits or honey added. Use it in cooking too. It is *not fattening*. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also brings iron to build up the blood, and put color in cheeks and lips.

Ask for the original ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

• • •

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"THE MODERN FIGURE"
Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. K-6, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name ______________________
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VACATION CLOTHES

for BLONDE *and* BRUNETTE!

Salespeople in leading stores help me plan two wardrobes and add: "Keep fine things fresh and dainty with Ivory Soap ... it's safest for colors and fabrics"

FROM salespeople in leading shops, I've gathered some very practical suggestions for vacation clothes. "Plan wisely, spend carefully," say salespeople—"give your clothes the proper care—and you'll have a costume for every occasion and a wardrobe that stays new-looking all summer"

Here are a few smart details: Buy an evening dress that has a jacket—you won't need a separate evening coat.

Get a white wool coat—not too tailored—for morning, afternoon and in the evening when it's cool. *It's washable.* "But be sure to use lukewarm Ivory suds," said the saleswoman who showed me these coats, "Ivory is pure and safer for wool."

Pastel colors will be much worn for "spectator sports"—which means for all daytime occasions except for swimming or playing golf or tennis.

"But," warn salespeople in the nicest shops, "do wash pastel colors safely. If they fade the least bit, they look washed out. Ivory Soap in one of its various forms is safer for delicate colors . . ."

Do let me urge you to wash your silks and woolens with Ivory. If you could talk to as many salespeople in leading stores all over the country as I have, I feel sure you'd never use anything but Ivory on your dainty summer clothes.

HOPE ANDREWS

As I visit the leading stores all over the country I find that Ivory is recommended by salespeople for fine things oftener than all other soaps together.

BLONDE'S WARDROBE

Basic colors—blue and white. Reds and grays can be added.

For practically all occasions: White wool coat—not too tailored

Sports: Two tennis dresses—white, sleeveless, tailored. One pique, one crepe de chine. Beige lisle hose, white beret, navy cardigan. White flannel skirt with white polo shirt or light blue sweater.

Spectator sports: Pink linen suit. Light blue crepe de chine dress. For more formal daytime occasions, a washable white eyelet embroidery dress with turquoise necklace, purse and handkerchief. White jersey turban and white shoes.

Beach: Bathing suit—blue and white top, blue trunks. Pajamas of shantung—navy blue trousers, red, gray and blue printed coat.

Evening: White satin gown for formal wear. Tea rose flat crepe dress with short jacket. Rose-colored slippers and rhinestone jewelry to be worn with both evening dresses.

Salespeople give you many reasons why they recommend Ivory. "Safer for colors," they say. "We have discovered by tests here in the store that Ivory is gentler."

BRUNETTE'S WARDROBE

Basic colors—brown and white. Add yellow, green and orange.

For practically all occasions: White wool coat. Not too tailored for evening.

Active sports: Brown-and-white silk striped shirting sport dress (golf). White shantung sport dress (short sleeves. Sleeveless only if for tennis). Brown-and-white sport shoes, beige lisle hose, white beret, yellow flannel cardigan. White flannel skirt with green jersey sweater or white polo shirt. Panama hat.

Spectator sports: Plaid chiffon dress with short sleeves. Yellow crepe de chine dress. White linen dress with bright short coat and striped or plaid scarf. Hat and shoes of white linen.

Beach: Bathing suit—yellow top, brown trunks. Beach pajamas of gay printed linen in yellows, browns, greens, oranges.

Evening: Turquoise flat crepe dress with short jacket. White lace evening dress, with turquoise slippers and turquoise jewelry.

99 44/100% pure
–kind to everything it touches

No wardrobe is complete without beach pajamas. These should be gay and harmonize with the bathing suit. Printed linens are good, and wash perfectly in Ivory suds.

IVORY SNOW
for silks and woolens dissolves instantly

Surely you've tried the new
IVORY SNOW?

These tiny, fine, thin soap pearls of pure Ivory dissolve *instantly* in lukewarm water!

The blonde's blue flannel cardigan and the brunette's striped shirting frock should be washed in lukewarm Ivory suds, said the salesgirl who showed me these costumes.

Pastel pink linen and yellow crepe de chine. "Delicate colors are safe in gentle Ivory suds," say salespeople in the nicest shops.

Evening gowns are of flat crepe; plain, flowered or plaid chiffon; lace, and eyelet embroidery. Most evening gowns have matching jackets with them.

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